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World Review

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
CARTOON COMMENT		2
LETTERS AND POINTS		4
NOTES		5
BESIDE THE POINT—GERMANIA	*Rohan Butler*	8
THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS	*Iain Colquhoun*	13
THE AMBIGUITY OF LIBERALISM	*Maurice Cranston*	19
THE ECONOMICS OF 1953	*Peter Wiles*	23
LUCIFER AND SOME PRE-RAPHAELITES	*Montague Weekley*	27
TAPESTRY: A TWENTIETH-CENTURY RENAISSANCE	*Margaret Crosland*	31
OLD SPORTING PRINCE	*A story by Inez Holden*	35
ONE FOR JOHN	*A short story by Milo Cripps*	49
THE WORLD OF MUSIC		59

BOOK REVIEWS: by
Roy Macnab; Stephen W. Pollak; Kenneth Rose; Wesley Thurston; Illtud Evans; Ralph Abercrombie; Joseph Christie; Maurice Cranston; Robert Greacen; Roger Manvell; Patrizia Hutchins; Frederick Lawton

NEW NOVELS: by
Stevie Smith

POEMS: by
Jeremy Brooks; Donald Hall

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One-sided Economy

Krokodil (U.S.S.R.)

The Vatican's Reward

Pobjeda (Yugoslavia)

Armament Fever
Nebelspalter (Switzerland)

An effective European defence
has been prepared *Stockholms-Tidningen*

LETTERS and POINTS

Christopher Fry

SIR,

Regarding Christopher Fry—I think Mr. Gittings has not understood Mr. Davie. Nobody is imputing plagiarism to anybody. On the contrary, confusion with the charge of plagiarism was just what Mr. Davie was trying to avoid; and he explained clearly enough what he meant by parasitism—the unconscious echoing of phrase, the theft of resonance, from past works, well-known in all the arts. Now Mr. Gittings says no—it is Fry improving on a reminiscence 'purely verbal' (I am not sure what that can be) and welding it together with a personal philosophy, so displaying an original poetic gift. The phrase in question (it follows a passage dealing with the hawk's grace) is:

'But did he
Also bleak the glittering charcoal of the eyes . . .?'

Are we to take it then that not only Hopkins but Blake too ('Did he who made the lamb . . .?') has been recalled—purely verbally—improved on, and welded together with a personal philosophy? We can see where Blake's tiger began to make itself felt—at 'eternity's birdsmith' in the previous line ('In what furnace . . .?' etc.). More of the original poetic gift? I think 'eternity's birdsmith' is kittenish, anyhow. No, there is a point in these discussions at which you can only agree, or not. I agree, with Mr. Davie.

M. M. CARLIN
Gold Coast

The Book of Cricket

SIR,

In the long review which you kindly gave to the *Book of Cricket* by Denzil Batchelor, your reviewer makes the technical criticism that some of the photographs are 'unfortunately rather smudgily reproduced.'

As a designer of books (and the designer of this one) I am only too glad when any part of the production of a book is noticed at all, but when a reviewer uses technical terms wrongly, a slight complaint is perhaps justified.

The photographs were not, in fact, 'smudgily reproduced' but, on the whole, rather well reproduced, by one of the best photogravure firms in the country. The effect your reviewer complains of was due to poor photographs, which is another matter altogether. Sometimes there was no choice, and sometimes a poor photograph was chosen instead of a good photograph, because it illustrated a particular point.

RUARI MCLEAN
London, W.1

'Cold War'

SIR,

I was puzzled by Mr. Rohan Butler's interpretation of πόλεμος ἀκήρυκτος as meaning 'unheralded war' and therefore 'cold war'. The phrase normally describes either a war that is declared suddenly or else a war that is truceless, so much so that the ancient equivalent of the International Red Cross, the sacrosanct herald, was not used. Speaking 'Beside the Point', one could suggest a close and unpleasant Greek parallel for the idea of a cold war in Thucydides I 36 where a war is described both as 'all but' and as 'impending': ὁ μέλλων κὰι ὅσον ὀυ παρὼν πόλεμος.

F. CELORIA
London, N.W.3

Mr. Butler writes: 'Mr. Celoria's version is quite right, but I do not think that that invalidates mine. To render any Greek phrase as 'cold war' must necessarily be a free translation from the original meaning. Both your correspondent's concepts are precisely implied, it seems to me, in what I understand as cold war with its sudden acts of aggression, and the truceless conflict between rival ideologies. I was, you will remember, referring to πόλεμος ἀκήρκτος more specifically in the context of the Greek cold war.

Correction

The notice of Paul Eluard's and Henri Michaux's *Selected Writings* which appeared in the January issue was inadvertently ascribed to Mr. James Turner. The reviewer was, in fact, Mr. Dwight Smith.

NOTES

THE NEW PRESIDENT

The twenty years of democratic rule and the seven years of Mr. Truman's Presidency are over. In two decades American life has been radically altered: the Welfare State has been established; Isolationism is dead—all in all, the Democratic Party can be proud of its record. The American election decided, however, that it was 'time for a change', and perhaps the change will be for the better. In a democratic system it is always a healthy thing for the Opposition to take its turn at the responsibility of government, and no doubt the Republicans will benefit as much from the sobering test of office as the Labour Party did in 1945.

Mr. Truman will not be remembered as an outstanding President. He would not claim to be the best, but he is by no means the worst, of George Washington's successors. Becoming President almost by accident, he has for the most part lived up to the greatness thrust on him. His courageous and personal decision to send American troops to Korea proved him a worthy leader of the free world. He will deservedly be quoted as the classic example of the man made by the office. The professional politician showed the spark of the statesman. But an unfortunate inability, or unwillingness, to deal with corruption and discredited advisers has damaged his Party and his reputation alike.

President Eisenhower starts with many advantages—an overwhelming vote of confidence from the American public, an intimate knowledge of European affairs and the goodwill of America's allies. His first difficulties may well come from his own side. He will be pressed to 'put the heat' on China, Labour and European laggards. It is still too early to say what line he will take, but he has chosen a capable and moderate team. We may all hope that his term at the White House will be as memorable and as successful as his commands in Europe.

THE FUTURE OF THE STERLING AREA

The communiqué issued after the Commonwealth Economic Conference was not an impressive document, but the Conference had some value. It was a fair achievement to get nine doctors to agree on the nature of the disease and on the remedies to be prescribed for the patient.

Some relief for the Sterling Area can be obtained by arrangements with the United States and European countries over commodity prices and 'Trade not Aid', and no doubt Mr. Churchill will have discussed these matters with President Eisenhower. But the basic cure lies in disinflation and sound investment on what the communiqué calls 'projects which directly or indirectly contribute to the improvement of the Area's balance of payments.' The stages to the recovery of good health and solvency may be summarised thus. Having stopped inflation, the Commonwealth countries must concentrate on economic development: for this they must have capital; their primary source of capital has been and must be the United Kingdom; to fulfil its *rôle* as investor the United Kingdom must 'sustain the necessary level of internal saving and achieve a surplus on external account.' In other words, the British people must earn more by exports in a competitive world and consume less. For no one can invest a deficit.

Mr. Butler has still to disclose the measures he will take to enable the United Kingdom to perform its essential part. There are three ways of finding the necessary capital—higher productivity, public savings through a Budget surplus or private savings by the hard-pressed taxpayer. Perhaps Mr. Butler is looking forward to a combination of all three, but it is impossible to see how anything like the sums required can be made available without heavy cuts in public expenditure. No British Government—much less the Tories

—could seriously contemplate increasing the present level of taxation to swell a Budget surplus. In practical terms the savings—whether public or private—can only be found by reductions in the social services or housing or the rearmament programme. None of this will be popular, but it is the duty of the Government—if it believes in its own policy—to lead and instruct the public.

The Commonwealth Governments will have to mend their ways, also, if they are to keep their side of the bargain. They will have to cancel or postpone electorally attractive plans for better schools and hospitals and uneconomic industrialisation in the teeth of clamorous opponents and vested interests. But there is no other answer. The remedies have been stated: it remains to be seen whether the British and the other Governments will have the courage and persistence to apply them. Otherwise the Sterling Area will stagger on from crisis to crisis until it collapses.

THE END OF THE EXPERIMENT

The fall of M. Pinay brought 1952 to an unhappy close in France. The Pinay experiment is over. For nearly a year his Government—the seventeenth and the best since the war—had given the French economy a breathing space. Prices and the franc were kept steady; a financial panic was avoided, and the Treasury was able to meet its monthly bills. M. Pinay did not pose as a wizard nor as a *Chef de Mouvement* endowed with a special insight into ultimate truth. He was an intelligent man, content to provide a practical policy and a reasonably efficient administration. He made it clear that he would not resume office. Those who caused his resignation will have to face up to the results.

At the time of writing the New Year has opened with a political crisis and the Budget not yet voted. One party leader after another is trying his luck at the game of Cabinet making. No doubt some shaky Coalition will be formed to carry on for another few months, but it will have little chance of succeeding in the major task which M. Pinay was not allowed to complete—that of setting the finances in order.

It might have been thought that the grave problems immediately confronting the French people would have induced some measure of responsibility in their elected representatives. There is a full-scale war raging in Indo-China; Morocco and Tunisia are threatening to break into revolt; the German treaties have reached the decisive point. But nothing apparently can make the French leaders forego their love of intrigue or run the risk of antagonising their supporters by voting unpopular but necessary taxation. It is all the more alarming that M. Pinay's overthrow was engineered by the M.R.P. who up to date had earned some credit for being a party of moderation and good sense.

The present uncertainty will bring comfort only to the enemies of France and of its democratic régime. Quite gratuitously the North African extremists have been handed another stick with which to beat their masters. They can point gleefully to Paris and repeat their cry that 'the French, being unable to govern themselves, are unfit to govern other people.' The Gaullist Rally, and the Communists for their part, will feel fortified in their belief that the Fourth Republic is doomed.

French Governments have never enjoyed much stability or respect. But there is a limit below which it is disastrous to let the standards of public life sink. France can no longer afford to 'muddle through', and an economic collapse could readily turn an easy-going contempt for politicians into a bitter hatred for parliamentary institutions. Some constitutional reform in France is long overdue; but it does not necessarily have to follow the lines which General de Gaulle has in mind.

THE GERMAN TREATIES

In the past, decisions on peace terms were normally taken by the victors. To-day, however, it is the Germans—or rather some of them—who after an unconditional surrender decline to ratify the draft treaties and the accompanying defence alliance offered by their Western conquerors.

Dr. Adenauer, who has shown that a

patriotic German can, and should, be a good European, stands by the treaties and his policy of European co-operation. He has put the issue plainly: 'Germany is divided and disrupted, disarmed and defenceless, neighbour to a giant who means to enslave her. Can any German accept the responsibility of rejecting the helping and saving hand proferred to us by the West?' But the Social Democrats, who sometimes affect to believe that the Western powers are to blame equally with the Russians for Germany's misfortunes, base their opposition on the grounds that the treaties betray the eighteen million Germans east of the Elbe, and—by irritating the gentle Stalin—increase the danger of war. They indulge in vague talk about a general settlement with the Soviet Union whereby miraculously all the occupying troops will be withdrawn and the Fatherland, once more united, can relapse into a comfortable neutrality without the burden of armaments or the risk of invasion. The fate of their compatriots and neighbours should have taught them the folly of wishful thinking. Perhaps Herr Ollenhauer and his friends do not believe all they say. Their purpose is to force an election on the issue of the treaties in which they reckon to benefit from nationalist sentiment on one hand and a war scare on the other.

Defeated on the second reading of the treaties by a simple majority, the Social Democrats appealed to the Constitutional Court at Karlsruhe; Dr. Adenauer counter-appealed; President Heuss intervened and withdrew. The make-up and functions of the Court are as complicated as Teutonic thoroughness and American ingenuity could devise. Its business is to interpret the 'Basic Law' (i.e. the temporary constitution), and its importance lies in the fact that, if it rules against the treaties, Dr. Adenauer will require a two-thirds majority to have them passed. And this he cannot muster in the present Bundestag. Ratification depends, therefore, on the obscure and somewhat discreditable manœuvres at Karlsruhe. Neither Dr. Adenauer nor his opponents revealed much faith in the impartiality of the judges, and both took pains to lodge their appeals with that section of the Court which could be relied on to give a favourable answer.

The Court has yet to give its judgment. If it goes against the Government, Dr. Adenauer will probably have to dissolve. If he wins, he will no doubt consider that a little artfulness was justified in a good cause.

THE EGYPTIAN SCENE

General Neguib has found that the removal of King Farouk, the first part of the Army's mission to restore the Egyptian State, was also the easiest. He has now to press ahead with wide measures of political, economic and social reform—a much more difficult and complex task than the exile of a discredited prince. He first announced his intention to act through democratic institutions, though he had not discovered a party which would give loyal support and pay more than lip service to the slogans of honesty, discipline and work. The attempted duumvirate with Aly Maher as civil head of the government broke down after a few weeks, and the General had no alternative but to become his own Prime Minister. After that he released some of the old guard politicians arrested on Farouk's departure and then reinstated the Wafdist leader, Mustapha Nahas, whose financial activities amazed even his colleagues. These gestures implied that the General hoped to govern by means of a 'progressive' coalition. However, as their records had suggested, the existing party chiefs turned out to be unreliable and unrepentant and he was forced to set up a Junta of his own staffed by soldiers and camp followers. There is unfortunately no reason to think that the average army officer would prove any less susceptible to the temptations of office than the lawyers and business men who have gone before. The Wafd, too, started off as the champions of reform. One of General Neguib's great handicaps is the scarcity of honest and capable administrators, and the latest plot shows that even his own officers are not to be trusted.

The Army is pledged to break up the large estates. This is bound to be a slow and delicate business if agricultural production is not to be disrupted and famine added to Egypt's plagues. General Neguib proposes to go ahead steadily with his plans for handing over the land to the peasants and a start can be made on the

royal properties. But evasion on the Right and impatience on the Left may drive him into taking more drastic and hasty steps than he intends.

Despite the anti-British talk, a settlement can be reached over the Sudan and the Canal Zone whenever the new Egyptian Government wishes, though for the moment it finds these familiar grievances as convenient as did its predecessors. It is, however, on the domestic front that the real test lies and there General Neguib will need to show whether he is a figure of the stature of Mustapha Kemal or just another military adventurer. He has taken on something akin to the labours of Hercules. The tyrant Geryon has been dealt with, but there are still the Augean stables and the political Hydra. The habits of ages did not leave Egypt on Farouk's yacht.

Beside the Point

ROHAN BUTLER
Fellow of All Souls, Oxford

Germania

'ON Saturday, June 24th, 1922, at about half-past ten in the morning, the car stood in a side street off the Königsallee in the (Berlin) residential suburb of Grünewald, near Rathenau's home. Fischer kept watch at the corner where this street opened into the Königsallee. Kern fetched his old waterproof out of the car. Techow was engaged at the bonnet; he told Kern that the oil-feed was broken, but that the car could do a short quick run.'

A quick run was all that Kern and Fischer needed. A quarter of an hour later they set out in their dark grey car and overtook a dark red one, small and open, in the back seat of which sat Walter Rathenau, the Jewish Foreign Minister of the German Republic. They shot him down with a Lewis gun at point-blank range. It was a celebrated murder.

As Kern, the leader, had been getting into his car, one of his accomplices who would be staying behind had asked '"What motive shall we give if we're caught?" "If you're caught," said Kern cheerfully, "you can throw all the blame on me—obviously. On no account tell the truth—say anything—Lord, it doesn't matter what you say. Say anything that the people will understand who are in the habit of believing what they read in the newspapers. For all I care you can say he's one of the Wise Men of Zion or that his sister is married to Radek, or any rot you like. . . . They'll never understand our real motives; and if they did, it would be a degradation for you. Mind you don't get caught! Every man will be needed soon." He pulled the leather helmet over his head, and his face looked gallant and honourable in the severe brown frame. He said: ". . . If Hitler is the man I think he is, he'll realise his chance now. A year later will be a decade too soon".'

This is one of the most accurate prophesies on record—it was published in 1930. Hitler did wait a year after Rathenau's murder, and it was ten years too soon. The abortive Nazi *Putsch* of 1923 preceded by a decade the triumphant Nazi *Machtergreifung*, the power-seizure of 1933. And now it is just twenty years since that

day, 30 January, 1933, on which Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of the Third German Empire.

It seems almost incredible that it is only twenty years since the jackbooted youth of Germany was set marching in mass-formations of superb precision towards their destiny of danger, since those rallies of the single, total German party which were the greatest martial parades of modern times, with the searchlights, the banners, the baying exaltation and menace surging upwards in their salute to victory, *Sieg Heil!* Other nations were for a time as though unnerved by this onslaught of belief and its aggressive impulse of acceleration—the Rhineland, Austria, the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, that first gleeful subjugation of a despised, Slavonic people which was the astonishing achievement of the newborn Greater Germany. Next time it meant war at last but the seemingly invincible legions of the leader, the Führer, took it in their stride, striking down their victims one after the other in a great swathe of anti-clockwise aggression: Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, round again to Russia which, with England, the great outlying power on the other side, proved more difficult.

All this time the clarion-call of revival, 'Germany, awake!', was matched by the war-cry of hatred, 'Perish Judah!' The murder of Rathenau that summer's day had been one of the first heavy drops heralding the onset of the storm which, when it burst, raged with unparalleled fury. Rudolf Hoess of the S.S. Totenkopfverband, the black Death's Head Detachment, commandant of Auschwitz concentration-camp from 1940 to 1943, stated on affidavit: 'I estimate that at least two and a half million victims were executed and exterminated at Auschwitz by gassing and burning and that at least another half-million succumbed to starvation and disease, making a total of about three million dead. . . . The "final solution" of the Jewish question meant the extermination of all Jews in Europe. I was ordered to establish extermination facilities at Auschwitz in June 1941.' While this work was afoot behind the front, the German army bravely fought off the concentrated might of three-quarters of the world, till at long last it was beaten down, fighting to the end, right back to the Imperial Chancellery in Berlin beneath which Hitler took his life when all was lost, dragging down his people with him in Wagnerian *Götterdämmerung*. Germany, with comparatively few exceptions, had obeyed its leader to the apocalyptic end. The Thousand-Year Reich had lasted twelve.

'It is truly a miracle,' Hitler once said, 'to trace this development of our movement. To posterity it will appear like a fairy-tale. A people is shattered and then a small company of men arises and begins an Odyssey of wanderings, which begins in fanaticism, which in fanaticism pursues its course.' This fairy-tale, though, was no mere nightmare which has now dissolved without trace in the morning after. It is not, unhappily, as though Hitler had never been. For a time his evil dream did come true, here in Europe in the first half of the twentieth century. Nor is it any good trying to write off this terrible event as the work of a few gangsters who cashed in on the want and frustration of the world slump. That element was present, certainly, was indeed very important; but Hitler and his associates were no more common gangsters than were Kern and his conspirators in murder. The Nazis could never have come looming up as they did had they not evoked a real response from impulses latent in wide sections of the German people at that time.

Recognition of this stark truth carries repugnant implications. Especially is this the case for English people who, outwardly cold, are inwardly kindly on the whole, justly proud to be bad haters, subscribers to Burke's prudent dictum: 'I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people.' What is wanted, though, is not an indictment of the Germans as they are to-day but an understanding of them as they developed under Hitler. And here the dispassionate inquirer may at the outset notice one obvious fact which militates against a crude racial theory in reverse. The prototype of totalitarian Fascism was developed, after all, not in Germany but in Italy.

It is surprising that the parallelism between Italian and German history

should not have attracted even more notice than it has done. The two nations look back, indeed, to antagonistic origins in that conflict, basic for European civilisation, between the Roman originators and the Gothic barbarians. In the Middle Ages this conflict assumed another form as between the Papacy of Rome and the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. They were the two great heirs, assimilated even in their rivalry by that common experience wherein the German and Italian peoples, instead of looking to rising national states as in England or France, remained territorially divided into lesser principalities while ideologically conditioned by the twin concepts of their supranational authority for Christendom, the empire and the papacy.

Both these grandiose institutions survived, but under stress and strain, the Reformation and Renaissance. On top of the religious conflict, though, came that economic upheaval which further coordinated the destinies of Germany and of Italy. The era of the great discoveries in the New World, Africa and the Indies swung the economic impulse of Europe outwards across the waters to those lands which lay, as it were, annexed to the oceans. In Europe an oceanic economy gradually superseded a thalassic economy, the mediæval economy, that is, of the hither coasts and inland seas, notably the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The up-and-coming countries were now those of the Atlantic seaboard, England, Holland, Spain, Portugal. Behind them, inland, the commercial significance of such great enterprises as the Hanseatic League and the Venetian Republic fell into sharp decline. This economic stagnation, coupled with territorial disunity, persisted for both Germany and Italy right through to the nineteenth century.

Already, however, in 1713 the settlement of Utrecht had accorded international recognition to the elevation both of the Elector of Brandenburg to be King of Prussia and of the Duke of Savoy to be King of Sicily, soon to be swapped for Sardinia. The royal houses of Hohenzollern and of Savoy thus set out simultaneously upon their self-imposed missions which culminated respectively in the unification beneath their sway of Germany and of Italy. This course was pursued by both these exceptionally gifted dynasties with Machiavellian statecraft, through the Napoleonic experience which so stimulated national consciousness in both countries, on through the premature enthusiasm of the revolutions of 1848, again common to Germany and Italy, till at long last the labours of Bismarck and of Cavour for national unification were triumphantly steered home in the same year of 1871.

Such historical parallels always call for qualifications and correctives, and this one is no exception. But at least it is suggestive. For one thing it meant that, in the nineteenth century, both in Germany and in Italy, to be liberally-minded tended to mean almost the same as to be nationally-minded in a sense which it could scarcely do for Englishmen or Frenchmen in their established nationhood, largely taken for granted. In that liberal age this significant measure of identification between liberalism and nationalism among two great peoples was pregnant with future possibilities. For nationalism is no great friend to individualism, and liberalism which does not centre in the individual is apt to be not truly liberal in the main tradition of Western civilisation. Both the Empire and the papacy had preached authority and now the wheel came round again for the two ancient peoples who were yet new as nations, both with cultural inheritances deeper, more expansive and more poignant than their political institutions so that *Deutschtum* and *Italianità* find no ready equivalents in English or French. (Spain, though, significantly boasts *Hispanidad.*) Viewed in this long perspective, it may seem less of a coincidence that the Fascist march on Rome occurred in 1922, the National-Socialist *coup* in Munich in 1923, ten years too soon. The parallelism persisted.

Parallels are convenient devices, but if overloaded they are apt to go crooked. The similarities between Italian and German history overlaid, but could not obliterate, the basic difference inherent in the original conflict between the Romans and the barbarians. The Teutonic barbarians, unlike those in Gaul, Spain and

Britain, were never truly tamed or civilised by Rome. The contrast drawn by Tacitus persisted, and the *Limes Germanicus* secured to Rome only a south-western segment of Germany—Baden has tended, incidentally, to be a liberal stronghold. The contrast between the sunnier climate of south-western Germany and the grimmer ethos of the late-colonised plains to the north-east, beyond the Elbe, has often been drawn, especially in relation to the modern ascendancy in Germany of Prussia—the state of Prussia formally endured as the greatest German component till it was liquidated by a quadripartite decision of Britain, France, Russia and America in March 1947. This was one of the most important measures of reform for Germany upon which the leaders of the United Nations have been able to agree. The stress on Prussianism can, however, be overdone in estimating the significance of National-Socialism. Hitler was, after all, an Austrian and largely derived his anti-Semitism from such Austrian forerunners as Schoenerer and Lueger; the Nazi party was distinctively Bavarian in origin and only considerably later did it swamp Prussia, which had indeed held out against reaction till its Socialist government was in 1932 arbitrarily evicted by Von Papen.

Lying deeper than the contrast between south and north is the contrast, embedded in Italo-German relations, between classicism and romanticism. Between the two there runs for Germans an axis of attraction by opposites. The classic clarity of Italian civilisation has a particular fascination for the compatriots of Goethe, who tend to respond keenly to his questing refrain, *Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn?* This emotion is heightened by the very fact that the main German outlook is conditioned by an opposite background where 'in rugged forests, in the long winter, in the warmth of the fire upon the hearth of his castle-chamber towering aloft into the air he (the German) indulges long in the memories of his forefathers, he transmutes his home-bred myths of the Gods in legends manifold and inexhaustible.' That was, appropriately, written by Wagner, but even such a sober statesman as Stresemann expressed this Teutonic longing to 'write and dream in some turret-room'—an incidental indication that he was truly representative of what Thomas Mann in his early days described as the 'romantic German middle-class outlook'.

In ordinary circumstances the German middle and working classes, impoverished though they now largely are, constitute one of the most solid and valuable elements in Europe, industrious, conscientious and with those kindly inclinations which visiting foreigners often have reason to remember with gratitude. Even under the Nazi régime I personally found Berlin a more agreeable city for everyday living than the culturally incomparable Vienna, or even Paris, where the brilliant façade which attracts tourists and intellectuals is achieved at the cost of a certain tautness and stress in steering one's life day by day among a people whose sharpness of intellect is apt to accentuate the angularities of existence.

When it comes to politics, though, the humdrum tactics of parliamentary democracy have not, in the past, been able to satisfy for very long the powerful and romantic aspirations widely cherished in Germany. Thus Thomas Mann, in his early 'rearguard action in the grand manner' in defence of the German outlook (*Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*), proclaimed 'the oneness of politics and democracy, and the naturally un-German character of this complex, that is the natural estrangement between the German spirit and the world of politics and democracy, against which it sets the unpolitical and aristocratic concept of culture as its real being.' He further devised the equation: culture is to folk as civilisation is to nation, stressing the nebulously exciting and emotive force of the German terms *Kultur* and *Volk*. They, like the word *Reich*, already suggest the heady turn which political affairs are liable to take in Germany.

The later writings of Thomas Mann himself remind one, however, that there have been numbers of liberally-minded Germans in the main Western tradition, and one hopes that to-day they are on the increase. The significant extent, though, to which German liberalism largely became national-liberalism in the nineteenth century, just as German socialism tended to

become National-Socialism in the twentieth, seems to hark back in many particulars to that crucial development of the romantic movement wherein the spirit of modern Germany first burst into flower at about the same time as France contributed the French Revolution and England the Industrial Revolution. The romantic movement greatly deepened the understanding of the individual, but under the impact of Napoleonic aggression it was applied in Germany more in the service of the state than of the individual. This comes out in the doctrines of the great German philosophers of that time: of Fichte who ascribed to his people a mystical unity and virtue 'beyond mere intellectual conception' while detecting an alien element (*Ausländerei*) in a refusal to 'call in question the right to have opinions and to express them'; of Hegel in his exaltation of 'the state as divine upon earth', possessing 'a justification quite other than the good of the individual'; of Schelling who went so far as to define metaphysics as 'that which creates states organically and allows a mass of human beings to become of one heart and mind, i.e., a folk.' Schelling pushed this to its final term, advancing the curious view that 'individuals are only phantoms like the spectrum . . . merely imaginary apparitions.'

Such doctrines have certainly not passed unchallenged in Germany, but have assuredly thriven there. They can, and under Hitler did, ultimately issue in a denial on the one hand of the sanctity of absolute values such as truth and right, and on the other of the sanctity of the individual: which are the twin pillars of freedom, of Western civilisation itself. Previously German distrust of the spontaneity and worth of the individual in himself has been reflected even in everyday life in the oppressive multiplication of technical ranks and titles in Germany, in all the public notices of *Verboten*, in the remark of that bookseller in Dresden who, under the Weimar Republic, regretted the monarchy of the old with the words: 'I need a close-fitting coat to feel safe in my skin.'

Appreciation of these awkward facts does not justify the easy, unhelpful let-out of merely nurturing an obstinate resentment against the Germans. What it does do is to suggest the unwisdom of basing co-operation with them—more than ever essential in the circumstances of the cold war—upon any facile assumption that Germany is really no different from any other country and that, with the wave of a magic wand or the issue of an allied directive, it is possible to make Germans only too delighted to become imitation Englishmen or Americans. The Germans remain a great people who, in spite of everything, are scarcely less proud of being German than the English are of being English. Frank recognition of that fact should go a good way towards meeting the legitimate element in the German craving, after successive defeats in two world wars, for 'equality of rights'. To take the trouble to arrive at a balanced understanding of the peculiarly complex conditioning of German affairs is not only to be forewarned against latent risks but also to secure a better chance of achieving a co-operation between Western Germany and Western Europe which really represents something and is of benefit to both. Other nations stand to profit not only from recognising German industry and efficiency, but also even, perhaps, from facing up to some of those ideas which, though perverted in the past, have inspired suggestive elements in German thought: rule of the many by the abler few, recognition of the fact that blood will tell, a community conjoined by ties more lovable than cash and interest, a supranational order inspired by the splendid scope of the undertaking. This last, at least, is a challenge and an incentive to those who aspire towards a more solid and more imaginative ordering of the common interests of Western Europe.

2

The Pursuit of Happiness

IAIN COLQUHOUN

THE late Mr. Wendell Willkie will certainly be numbered among America's greatest citizens of this century. He was also a bitter opponent of the Tennessee Valley Authority, which was, perhaps, the most dramatic design of President Roosevelt's New Deal. Mr. Willkie fought this project tooth and nail. But when it was completed, in spite of all opposition, he observed with resignation, 'It doesn't matter what I think any more. You can't tear those dams down.'

The same thoughts, though possibly not the same resignation, must now be present in the minds of many members of the Republican Administration which has now taken office in Washington. The New Deal built very much more than dams, and it would be a lot easier to tear concrete apart than to undo what has been done by way of social progress in the United States during the last twenty years.

The area of social, economic and political reform which Roosevelt covered in his first two terms of office was, even by the standards of the British Labour Party, quite fantastic. In eight years he put into operation a massive programme of social justice of the sort which in Britain was spread over the whole of the first half of this century. In his book, *Working with Roosevelt*, Samuel I. Rosenman lists a most remarkable series of speeches delivered by the President in the late summer and autumn of 1932. In one or more of these, every important part of the New Deal was outlined:

'At Columbus, Ohio, August 20th, 1932: reciprocal trade agreements and reduced tariffs, supervision of sales of securities, securities exchanges and bank deposits, separation of investment banking from commercial banking.

'At Sea Girt, New Jersey, August 27th: repeal of the prohibition amendment.

'At Topeka, Kansas, September 14th: a programme of agricultural relief, planned land use, refinancing of farm mortgages.

'At Salt Lake City, September 17th: a programme for relief of the railroads.

'At Portland, Oregon, September 21st: public development of water power and supervision of public utilities, control of public utility holding companies.

'At Detroit, Michigan, October 2nd: social justice through social action.

'At Albany, October 13th: Government responsibility for relief of unemployment distress, public works to lessen unemployment, unemployment insurance, better housing, health as a concern of the Federal Government.

'At Pittsburgh, October 19th: balancing the Budget.

' At Springfield, Illinois, October 21st: relief for agriculture by raising farm prices, reducing its taxes and lightening its burden of farm mortgages.

'At St. Louis, Missouri, October 21st: plans for helping the eight great credit groups of the nation.

'At Boston, Massachusetts, October 31st: comprehensive programme for unemployment, emergency relief, temporary public works, permanent public works, employment exchanges, reduction of work day and of work week, unemployment insurance.'

Practically everything of significance in this vast programme—except a balanced Budget—has been achieved in the United States in the twenty years since President Roosevelt proclaimed it. There have been improvements and additions. The statistical and administrative services necessary to support such a programme have been created. It is difficult to see how the Republicans could destroy what has been done, even if they wanted to. They would

certainly destroy themselves if they tried. It is difficult, too, in spite of the fact that its citizens dislike the phrase, to describe the America that Roosevelt and Truman have created as anything other than a Welfare State. The area of social security which has been brought into being is not so large as that which exists in Britain. It neither covers quite as big a proportion of the population, nor does it cover them as completely as ours does. But in many ways the American system is superior to ours. Its benefits are better; its financial basis is sounder and its extension to cover the whole field of social security, as we in Britain understand it, is already lying inevitably in the hands of time.

It is surprising, but not incomprehensible, that in Britain the degree to which America has become a Welfare State has been largely disregarded. In the early years of this century when the British Liberal Party was laying the foundations of social security, the United States had hardly advanced from the stage where the musket over the fireplace stood for security in American homes. Many British Conservatives were as hostile to Roosevelt's New Deal as the Republicans were. It is only in recent years that the Welfare State has been received in Tory drawing-rooms. The Labour Movement in this country has always been more sympathetic to the social progress which the New Dealers made, but it has never been enthusiastic, because the advance in America has been on a basis very different from that in Britain—and on one to which our Labour Party has shown itself repugnant. From the beginning, Congress has been careful not to thrust social security on anyone who might not want it. The owners and operators of farms, and certain self-employed professional men like physicians, lawyers, dentists and professional engineers, are still not covered by the Federal Old Age and Survivors' pension schemes. Until 1 January, 1951, when there were changes in the law, those outside the schemes included many self-employed persons, about a million domestic workers and the employees of non-profit-making organisations. These have now been brought under Federal insurance cover, because there was reason to believe that they wanted to come in. But in America, social security is not crammed down unwilling throats. What has been enforced upon everyone in Britain in the name of equality has been offered to Americans in the name of independence.

'What we want to-day is what Americans have always wanted and worked for', wrote Mary Ross, consultant to the Social Security Administration in 1937. 'The colonists and frontiersmen wanted independence and opportunity for themselves and their children. They wanted to make their own living and to take an active share in the life of their times. All that has changed to-day is the way that we take to get these things.'

The spirit of independence which is behind American social security has not been altogether palatable to the British Labour Party. They have very largely ignored its success and have preferred to pretend that America was the land where individualism was not only rugged, but harsh and completely unalleviated. Why the British Liberals, however, have not made more play with the success of the New Deal programmes is one of the mysteries of British politics. The social security which the Americans have created for themselves is efficient and expanding. It has not produced an attitude of dependence on the State. It does not waste resources by thrusting benefits on those who do not need or want them. It is exactly what the Liberals have been trying to produce in Britain for the last fifty years.

The principal instrument by which, to use one of Mr. Churchill's phrases, America has brought 'the magic of averages to the rescue of the millions' is the Federal Security Agency. This Agency was created by the Social Security Act of 1935, and the United States actually moved into its present era of social security when in 1937 the Supreme Court declared that the social insurance programmes which the Act provided were in accordance with the Constitution.

Under the Federal Security Agency, most of the welfare programmes are run

by the Social Security Administration. These Government programmes are designed basically to prevent dependency and to provide services to mothers and children. The two main schemes which the Administration operates are Old Age Insurance and Survivors' Insurance.

These insurances still do not cover everybody but, under the latest amendments to the Social Security Act, about sixty million Americans made contributions towards their Federal insurance protection. The holders of about seventy-seven per cent of the nation's civilian jobs, with all their dependents, are now covered by the Federal schemes. Another nine per cent are protected by other forms of public retirement systems—Civil Service, railway and State and local authority schemes. Only about fourteen per cent of the nation's paid workers, mostly farmers and professional men, are now outside the public insurance programme.

Funds for the Old Age and Survivors' Insurances are raised by levies of equal amounts on employers and employees. Up to this year the amount will be 1½% each on the first $3,600 of an employee's wages. Only the first $3,600 are taxable. From 1954 to 1959 the rate will be 2%; from 1960 to 1964 it will be 2½%; from 1965 to 1969 3%; and 3¼% after 1969.

Benefits are not paid at a flat rate as in Britain. The principle is that they shall always be related to wage loss. Under the latest formula benefits are equal to 50% of the first $100, plus 15% of the rest of the average monthly wage earned during the period of insurable employment. This formula is based on Congress's desire to replace by insurance payments a larger percentage of wages for low-wage workers than for those with high wages. The system is therefore in a way more fair than any payment on a flat-rate basis, for it makes greater response to greater need.

The following table shows how retirement payments work out on a monthly basis:

Average Monthly Earnings after 1950	*Retired Worker only*	*Retired Worker and Wife or Dependent Husband at* 65	*Retired Worker Wife and One Child*
$300·00	$85·00	$127·50	$168·80
200·00	70·00	105·00	140·00
150·00	62·50	93·80	120·10*
80·00	44·00	64·00*	64·00*
Under 35·00	25·00	37·50	45·00*

*Reduced to maximum total family benefits permitted by law.

These benefits, especially because of their graduated scale, compare favourably with the British flat-rate payment of 32s. 6d. *a week* to a single person on retirement and 54s. to a married couple. Taking the dollar at roughly 7s., the American payments are on the whole higher than the British, even allowing for the cost of living differences in the two countries. In Britain, too, pensions are reduced if a man under seventy or a woman under sixty-five earns more than 40s. a week. In the United States persons under seventy-five are allowed to earn about £4 10s. per week before their pensions are affected, and those over seventy-five can earn as much as they like.

Survivors' benefits in America are also above the British scale. In this country the lump sum payments given to persons who incur expense in connection with a death are from £3 on the death of a child under three to £20 on the death of a person over eighteen. In the United States payment is made only on the death of a person who has been employed or self-employed in work covered by the insurance scheme, but the payments range from $75·00 to $255·00—that is, from roughly £26 to £84, according to the wage which the deceased earned.

Monthly payments to survivors are in addition to the lump sum and range as follows:

Average Monthly Earnings after 1950	*Widow or Dependent Widower or Dependent Parent at 65, or One Child alone*	*Widow and One Child*	*Widow and Two Children*
$300·00	$63·80	$127·60	$168·90*
200·00	52·50	105·00	140·10
150·00	46·90	93·80	120·00*
80·00	33·00	64·00*	64·00*
Under 35·00	18·80	37·60	45·10*

*Reduced to maximum total family benefits permitted by law.

In some cases total Survivors' benefits over a period of years can amount to very substantial sums. Suppose, for instance, a man aged thirty-five died and left a widow aged thirty-four and two children aged two and four years. Suppose further—as would be quite likely in America—he had ten years in employment which entitled him to Survivors' insurance and that his average wage had been $200 per month. Then, before benefits ran out, on the average expectation of the survivors' lives, they would have drawn a total of $34,835 from the State as benefit on the husband's death. The comparable insurance in Britain is the Widow's Pension of 32s. 6d. a week (which is about equal to $18-19 a month) irrespective of what her husband's earnings were, and this amount is subject to deduction if the widow earns more than 40s. a week. A widowed mother with dependent children in Britain gets 43s. a week (subject to reduction for earnings over 60s.) with an addition of 10s. 6d. for the first dependent child and 2s. 6d. a week each for any other dependent children.

Direct comparisons, of course, between the British and American scales of benefit are not as odious as they seem, because it costs very much more in America to live on a modest scale of decency with sufficient food, clothing and shelter. It is worth noting, however, that the Americans have been able to increase their benefits to keep up with rising living costs more than we have been able to do in Britain. The Federal Old Age and Survivors' Insurance payment scales were increased by about 75% in 1950, and this year they are being increased by about 12½% more. These increases very nearly take care of inflationary rises in the cost of living. In Britain, on the contrary, benefits, although they were increased last August, are still so inadequate that Public Assistance has to be heavily drawn upon to supplement them. Indeed, this has occurred to such an extent that, in the opinion of some experts, our social security projects are losing their character of insurance schemes and are becoming more and more doles paid for out of taxation and subject to means tests.

Such a situation has largely been avoided in America—partly because they do not operate the flat-rate system. Payments into social insurance are graduated over the years to keep pace with expected rises in wage levels. Benefits paid from social security schemes are related to wage loss. Even more important, however, is the fact that the actuarial basis of the American programmes has allowed for the creation of a vast Trust Fund which now totals $14·7 billion and is still growing. In the fiscal year that ended in June 1951, benefits paid out in Federal Old Age and Survivors' Insurance amounted to $1,498 million. Administrative costs were $70 million. The total outgoing was therefore $1,568 million, but the total contributions amounted to $3,124 million and interest payments on investment of the Trust Fund came to $287 million. The difference between total income and total outgoings was therefore $1,843 million and this was added to the Trust Fund and invested in U.S. Government securities. The Americans, then, are paying at a far higher rate than we do for their social security benefits, but they get benefits

that really mean something. This is a choice that Britain will soon have to consider if she wishes to preserve the 'insurance' nature of her principal social security services.

Public Assistance, of course, exists in the United States, but the increased insurance coverage provided by the 1950 amendments to the Social Security Act has greatly decreased the public assistance payments that have to be made. Those who get them are chiefly the sick, the needy aged, the needy blind, and dependent children. There are in the United States no free universal services for children, like our school milk, or orange juice and cod-liver oil. But the Federal Security Agency operates a Children's Bureau for which Congress, between July 1951 and June 1952, appropriated $12½ million for maternal and child health services, $11 million for aid to crippled children and $7½ million for child welfare services. These sums are disbursed as grants in aid to the individual States who assume responsibility for running approved child welfare schemes.

Unemployment insurance exists in all the States. It is operated by the State Government, but the Federal Government pays the administrative cost. Benefits vary from State to State, but they are usually on a graduated scale related to loss of wages, and they can in certain cases amount to half a person's monthly wage. In forty-six States, two territories and the District of Columbia, people who are partially unemployed can draw partial benefit. Funds for unemployment insurance are raised from employers. The employee pays nothing. Employers who keep a steady level of employment pay very much less unemployment tax than do those whose labour force tends to rise and fall.

There is also a comprehensive system of workmen's compensation operating in all the States under laws which in some States are over fifty years old.

The two yawning gaps in the American social security system are the absence of sickness and disability insurance and of anything approaching our National Health Service. Except when there is widespread unemployment, disability provides the most common cause of the interruption of income in the lives of American wage and salary earners. On any one day five out of every hundred persons between fourteen and sixty-four years of age are permanently or temporarily unable to work for reasons of health or physical disability. Not all of them go uncompensated. Many union contracts make arrangements for sick pay. Many people hold private disability insurance and in most branches of the public service there is provision for sick leave. But public social insurance proper covers disability for most workers in only four States—California, New Jersey, New York and Rhode Island. The absence of a general disability insurance system is putting many people on to the American public assistance rolls. In recent years, from one-fifth to one-third of all new general assistance cases have been due to the illness or disablement of the family wage earner.

The other major deficiency in American social security is the absence of public provision for meeting the costs of medical care, although this cost is one of the biggest threats to the American family budget and is a major source of economic anxiety to the citizen. Private medical insurance schemes exist, but they are limited in their scope and scanty in their coverage—particularly in rural areas. Insurance to cover hospital costs is the most common form of protection that is provided by these individual or group private schemes. Yet less than half the people in the United States have such insurance. Only about 2% of the people are covered by plans designed to give protection against all medical expenses. In 1950 voluntary insurance paid only about 12% of the private expenditure of American citizens on medical attention.

The need, then, for some form of public medical insurance is very great. This has not escaped the Federal Security Agency. They have it very much in mind, and they are continually pressing their plans upon the Administration. These plans, however, are not along the lines of Britain's Health Service, which is paid for from

taxation. What the Agency would like to see for a beginning would be a Federal plan providing up to sixty days of semi-private medical care a year per person, with the full costs of hospital treatment met. This, the Agency point out, could be financed under the existing Old Age and Survivors' Insurance system without increasing the scheduled contribution rates.

The two serious deficiencies in health insurance apart, however, it is clear that the American people already enjoy a degree of social security which will probably surprise most British citizens. Clearly the coverage in the United States needs to be extended. Professional men and farmers are beginning to realise the benefit of the insurance schemes and soon they will be applying pressure to secure their admission to the system. Share-croppers in particular have great need of social security coverage. Indeed, the objective of the Federal Security Agency in the field of income maintenance will not be realised until everyone in the United States who is gainfully employed has been brought under the Old Age, Survivors' and Unemployment Insurance schemes, and until they have all been given protection from economic disaster due to sickness and disability.

The United States, however, has already come a very long way toward the Welfare State. And what we in Britain ought to note is that the Americans have produced their security schemes as the by-products of a bounding, expanding economy founded on a private enterprise and liberal basis. In Britain, we have gone about the thing in a different way. Social security has been imposed on all our people in a far more peremptory way than in America, and it has been financed at the cost of living standards. We have based our social security on equal contributions and equal benefits, with the deficits made up by graduated income tax. The American has based his on graduated contributions and graduated benefits. The result has been a surplus in the social security account instead of a deficit, and a flexible system which copes with the rising cost of living instead of a rigid and poverty-stricken system like we have in this country, facing with foreboding the inflationary future and the rising proportion of old people in the population.

By the wholesale imposition of social security we have got much better coverage over the population than America has. But she, by going more slowly, has got a system which is financially better than ours, and when in the course of time her coverage is completed, it will be, in fairness, very difficult to pretend that the American citizen is not the proud possessor of a Welfare State more intelligent and not less solicitous than anything his cousin in Britain can boast.

We have taken our American friends at their word when they sneered at the raft we have tried to put under our society and when they called it a feather bed. That is why it comes as a surprise to learn that the Americans have not left themselves to drown in the economic ocean. But the point is that they have done nothing of the sort. They have got themselves a raft—with holes in it, it is true—but a raft that floats in some ways more buoyantly than ours. What would happen to it in the storms of a slump is something that we cannot tell. But that is no reason for assuming disaster. The New Deal was born to cope with a slump—and it did. In any case the American economists are confident that they are not going to have anything like a pre-war slump again. They have all been studying Lord Keynes for years, and improving on his recipes, and they are convinced that they can take care of the future. Whether they can or not remains to be seen. But at least, as of now, they are taking care of their fellow-citizens to an extent which most of us—who like to think of ourselves as citizens of the world's only true Welfare State—had not suspected.

The Ambiguity of Liberalism

MAURICE CRANSTON

A LIBERAL, I suppose one could say, is someone who believes in liberty, as a nudist is someone who believes in nudity. But there is an important difference here between two sorts of word. Everyone agrees about the meaning of 'nudity', but there is more than one opinion about the meaning of 'liberty', and we all use the word in different ways in different contexts.

A remarkable variety of political structures has been thought by different people to embody 'liberty', and a correspondingly mixed company of political theorists has shared the name of 'liberal'. Milton, Voltaire, Locke, Rousseau, Constant, Adam Smith, Mazzini, Stein, Guizot, Bolivar and M. Pinay have all been known as Liberals and certainly they have all been champions of liberty: yet it would be a mistake to assume, on the strength of this, that their politics had anything substantial in common.

Virginia Woolf once said: 'Words hate anything that stamps them with one meaning and confines them to one attitude, for it is their nature to change.'

I think this is especially true of words which do not stand for simple objects, and which can only be defined by means of other words. Admittedly the word 'liberal' stems from a language which, being dead, no longer changes, and admittedly the word 'liberal' is a French, an Italian, a German and a Spanish word as well as an English one. But these circumstances do not secure it against ambiguity—on the contrary, it is largely *because* 'liberal' is an international word of classical origin, like 'romantic' and 'democratic' and 'progressive', that its ambiguity matters. For it leads us to think, in this age of close communications, that we understand when we do not understand, that we agree when we do not agree, or perhaps that we disagree when, in fact, we agree.

Lately I have been reading some of the speeches made by the leaders of the two parties in the American Civil War. Both belligerents claimed to be fighting for an identical end: liberty. I do not think this means that one or other side was insincere. Rather I think they were both saying less than they should have said. They should have said what *sort* of liberty they wanted, what it was they wanted to be free from or free for. And I think this same demand must also be pressed on everyone who is labelled 'liberal' in virtue of his belief in liberty.

In England we have something like a national species of liberalism, so that the word can be used domestically in a way that is less ambiguous than elsewhere. It is true that we have to distinguish in England between Liberalism with the large 'L', which is everything the Liberal Party stands for, and liberalism without the capital, which is something too wide to be confined to a single party. Yet even this wider English liberalism rests on a relatively clear-cut conception of liberty. The freedom the English liberal stands for is freedom for the individual from the constraints of the State.

I shall not attempt to defend or attack this notion of liberty, but even John Stuart Mill had doubts about it, thinking that the constraints of public opinion and 'unwritten law' were quite as oppressive to the individual as the constraints which come from the State, and one can well understand his thinking this in England in the time of Victoria. Then, Socialists have always said that, for the working class, the constraints of the State are far less important than those of economic necessity—of the 'boss class' and the

'empty belly'. This again must have seemed a considerable argument a hundred years ago. To-day, however, though English liberalism is no longer fashionable, its emphasis on the *State* as the source of constraint may seem, perhaps, more relevant than it ever was. At any rate we know what an English liberal *is*; and we know that because we know what sort of liberty he advocates, what he wishes to be free *from*.

This is no longer the case when we look elsewhere. I recall a controversy in France which illustrates the ambiguity of the word '*libéralisme*'. The participants were French historians. Some of them suggested that as a result of events in France between 1685 and 1793, between the banishment of the Protestants by Louis XIV and the execution of Louis XVI by the Revolutionaries, France has been divided into two nations—one the France of 1685 supporting the Catholic Church, political discipline, traditional social patterns and the *Syllabus*; the other the France of 1793, opposing the church and monarchy, favouring political change, the doctrine of progress and the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*. The historians who saw France thus bifurcated called the one half '*royaliste*', the other '*libéral*'. Their critics denied that there were 'two nations' in France; they saw at least three distinguishable elements in her political make-up, a Right and a Left, but also a Centre distinct from both Right and Left. This element of the Centre they called '*libéral*'.

I do not think it was a very subtle or even a very interesting controversy. I quote it only to illustrate two uses—two significant uses—of the word '*libéral*' in France. On the one side '*libéralisme*' is used in a sense that includes the creeds of the Left; on the other '*libéralisme*' is thought of as a creed at variance with those of the Left.

There is a similar ambiguity about the use of the word 'liberal' in the United States of America. In the nineteenth century it was not often heard there. In the twentieth it has been taken up with different intentions by different political groups. Franklin Roosevelt, for example, adopted it for his own politics of the Centre; Communists and Fellow Travellers adopted it for the politics of the Left. The Fellow Travellers appear to have established the better hold, for whereas 'liberalism' might have meant anything or nothing to the average American thirty years ago, it suggests to that same average American to-day something definitely, if surreptitiously, pro-Soviet.

When Raymond Mortimer reviewed the English edition of Lionel Trilling's book, *The Liberal Imagination*, he warned us that Trilling's 'use of the word "liberal" must disconcert European readers.' Trilling used the word so as to imply, among other things, 'a belief in planning and international co-operation, especially where Russia is in question.' Mortimer added: 'In Marxism, (Trilling) appears to see not the antithesis of liberalism, but its extension.'

Clearly Trilling was not using the word 'liberal' in any sense that would seem eccentric to Americans to-day. It is because so many of them understand the word as he understands it, that 'liberalism' has lately acquired in America a new emotive meaning. Public opinion there has turned against the Left; the word 'liberalism' is associated with the Left; hence in America the word 'liberal' is fast becoming pejorative, or what some philosophers call a *boo*-word.

In England, on the contrary, it is still, as it has been for the most part since the eighteenth century, a *hurrah*-word. Very many Englishmen, whether they vote for the Conservative or the Labour or the Liberal Party, are flattered to be thought liberal.

The word made a curious entry into British usage. It was first heard, as a political term, soon after Waterloo, when some Tories used it to name the more advanced wing of the Whigs. They called them at first not 'liberals' but '*liberales*'. The Spanish form was used to suggest that the principles of the Whig reformers were un-English or akin to those of the Continent. Strangely enough, the Spaniards had used the word for the politics they regarded as peculiarly English: the deputies who were called '*liberales*' in the Cortes were those who stood for constitutional monarchy and representative government. Nor was this

the only irony. The Tories soon found they had made the Whig reformers a handsome gift. 'Liberal' proved a most acceptable name. It already had a favourable emotive meaning in its non-political sense, as a synonym of 'bountiful' or 'generous'; the Shakespearean and seventeenth century sense of 'undisciplined' and 'licentious' was already obsolete. The reformers were delighted to be Liberals, and eventually, of course, it became the name of their Parliamentary Party.

When Mill wrote his *Essay on Liberty* in 1859 he referred to the existence of a Continental liberalism which differed from his own. But if you look at the Continental writers who were thought of then as liberal, you will find no single coherent ideology. In France alone, at least two distinct political doctrines passed under the name. One was not unlike English liberalism: it rested on a notion of liberty as something to be secured by reducing the State, and it looked for a constitutional settlement in France on the lines of the English settlement of 1689. Its prophet was indeed an Englishman: John Locke. The second French liberalism derived from Rousseau, and it was this species Mill must have had in mind when he spoke of 'continental liberalism'. It has also been called *democratic* liberalism. It rested on a notion of liberty as something to be secured *through* the State, not against the State. It rested, in fact, on a paradox.

How can liberty be achieved *through* the State? The answer is likely to take the form of a simple syllogism. First premiss: the free individual is the individual who rules himself. Second premiss: the democratic state is one through which the individual rules himself. Conclusion: given a democratic state, the individual is free, and indeed the more powerful the democratic state, the more free the individual.

This little argument is quite fallacious, though it lost no favour on that account, since it came into fashion when the Age of Reason was going out. It is fallacious, for one thing, because *the* individual does not exist. What exists, of course, is this and that and the other particular person, and under the most perfect democratic system, this and that and the other particular person does not rule himself. He is ruled by a majority of his fellow citizens. He has a voice equal to any one of theirs, but it is very possible that he will be out-voted on every issue which arises.

This democratic *libéralisme* of Rousseau had its first success, I suppose, in the Great Revolution, as the Lockean *libéralisme* had its gentler triumph in the revolution of 1830. And neither success, of course, was long lived. Someone said later: '*Le libéralisme n'est pas français*', meaning not only that the liberalism of Locke was imported from England and that of Rousseau from Switzerland, but also, I think, this: In all its forms liberalism represents a settled compromise between authority and anarchism, in which both authority and anarchism are to some extent surrendered. The French have preferred to strike a different sort of balance, keeping both authority and anarchism active and alive, but still maintaining, except in times of the gravest crisis, an equilibrium. It is perhaps significant that none of the great French parties formed in the Third and Fourth Republics chose the name of *Libéral*.

Germany, on the other hand, did have a Liberal party, but I do not think this means that the use of the word *Liberal* is less ambiguous in German than it is in French. There is an astonishing difference between the prevailing form of German liberalism of the nineteenth century, and the liberal stream in German thought before the French Revolution. The older German liberalism was not only close to the liberalism I have identified with the name of Locke, but it was from German sources that Locke himself derived some of his most important political principles. His master, as he acknowledged, was Pufendorf, and through Pufendorf there is a close link with Grotius and the whole *Naturrechts* school.

But there is hardly anything in common between *nineteenth century* German liberalism and the liberalism of Locke. Where the one seeks to reduce the State, the other seeks to enlarge it. Nineteenth century German liberalism was, in fact, far closer to that of Rousseau. In its French form the liberalism of Rousseau had been, however

illogically, both individualist and *étatiste*. The nineteenth century German liberals, prompted by philosophy, dropped the individualism and retained the *étatisme*. The philosophy of the time—which was, of course, Hegelian metaphysics—held that wholes were more real than parts, and that the nation was therefore more real than private persons. Individualism was scorned on moral grounds as well, the service of the self being thought demonstrably inferior to the service of the State. And hence the Declaration of Rights proclaimed by the German Liberals in 1848 was not, like its French prototype of 1793, a Declaration of the Rights of *Man*, but a Declaration of the Rights of the German people.

Nor was this all. The German metaphysicians revised the whole concept of liberty on which German liberalism rested. To be free, as the word 'free' is commonly understood, is to be unburdened, unimpeded or unconstrained. The German metaphysicians held that this was too negative an interpretation of freedom. *True* freedom, they said, consisted in doing what one ought to do, in acting morally, in being governed by a rational principle. On this analysis, to rationalise a state and its laws was to ensure the liberty of citizens. To enforce such laws could be nothing other—in Rousseau's phrase—than to 'force men to be free.' True liberty, in short, was obedience.

Here, I suggest, we have an interesting and rather sinister example of philosophers taking upon themselves the work of the lexicographer, and issuing definitions of familiar words. But they do it in a peculiar way. The compiler of a dictionary is a servant of usage. His definitions are reports on the way words are used by people who speak the language he studies. Philosophers who say that 'liberty' is 'obedience to a rational principle (which may be embodied in a State)' are making no such report. They are telling people what the word *ought* to mean, and they look to their prestige to secure the acceptance of their definitions as the true ones.

Such persuasive definitions as these are not intended to end ambiguity, but rather to exploit it. They are used to secure the advantage of an argument.

I do not deny that there is sometimes a need for stipulative definitions and official definitions of terms. A scientist, for example, may have to give his own definition of a word he proposes to use, and in many fields learned bodies lay down definitions which interested people are pleased to accept as binding.

There can be such general agreement among scientists about the words they use because there is a general harmony of purpose between them. Politicians are always at war with one another. Why should *they* agree about the use of words? Politics, again, is very much more like life in its range and complexity than it is like chemistry or botany or any other science. It would be wrong to expect precision where precision could only be artificial.

I have looked only at one word. I might equally have looked at others—at 'peace', for example, which used to mean 'the absence of war' or 'the tranquillity of order', but which is nowadays being used by certain propagandists as a synonym for 'acquiescence in Communist expansion'; or at the word 'democracy', which might seem to stand squarely on its Greek roots as 'government by the people', but which is nevertheless variously understood as 'a system of popular legislation *en masse*', on the models of the ancient Greek cities and the central Swiss cantons; as 'a system of representative government based on universal suffrage and free political associations'—such as we have in most 'Western' countries to-day; and yet again as 'a totalitarianism system of one-party rule exercised in the name of the people', such as prevails behind the Iron Curtain. In fact, we see in the present cold war a situation analogous to that of the American Civil War—just as both sides there claimed to stand for 'liberty', so do both the Western and the Communist blocs claim to-day to stand for 'democracy'.

Not long before he died, Bernard Shaw wrote, in a letter to *The Times*:

> 'May I, as a man of letters, appeal to the government to appoint a Select Committee to settle our political nomenclature? The matter is extremely urgent. . . . Until we clear up our political nomenclature, our political oratory and

journalism can come to nothing but the pot calling the kettle black without either of them knowing what they are talking about.

'We lack a common and exact dictionary and are at dangerous cross purposes over imaginary differences and delusive agreements that are only verbal.'

Shaw's diagnosis, I think, was sound, but his proposal was a forlorn and even a foolish one. The British Government is not competent to lay down definitions for the world, and, as Shaw seemed to see, it is the *international* confusion in the use of political words that is dangerous. Even within the Queen's dominions, it is hard to believe that a political definition laid down by a Select Committee would be accepted without dispute. France, of course, has the *Académie Française*. But how many French-men are willing to confine their use of political terms to the definitions, and heaven knows they are loose enough, given in the Dictionary of the *Académie*? Academicians are sometimes apt to think that correct French is whatever they decide is correct; and they have to be from time to time reminded, as lately by M. Charles Bruneau in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, that '*Le rôle de l'Académie est d'enregistrer l'usage.*'

In his smaller field, I think this is also the *rôle* of the theorist or philosopher of politics. He cannot make precise what is not precise, but he can keep a watch on the language of politics and history, and take stock from time to time of the changes that develop. He must, I believe, *accept* the ambiguity of words: and like the French Academician be content to 'register the usage'.

The Economics of 1953

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THERE is at present much 're-thinking' of the economic position going on. The new American Administration is naturally re-thinking everything. The International Monetary Fund, the O.E.E.C., and the Commonwealth Prime Ministers have also been trying out new ideas. The Labour Party at its recent conference has tried to meet the very just criticism made against the previous wave of New Socialist Thinking: that it might be 'New Socialist Thought' but it was not new thought about Britain's external economic predicament, merely a new set of recipes for the social problems of the 1930's. The realism of Mr. Douglas Jay in the *New Statesman* of 13 December, 1952, is in sharp contrast to the earlier New Fabian Essays and the Socialist Union's 'Socialism—A New Statement of Principles'. It is absurd to try to predict the solutions that will emerge from all this re-thinking, so all that a would-be prophet can do is to join in the discussion.

The dollar shortage has lasted seven years and has not been corrected. The fundamental causes are quite simple. First, the United States cannot consume all that it can produce or import as much as it can export. Both these difficulties can be solved by either more internal expenditure, which raises both home consumption and imports, or more external expenditure, which raises exports in the first instance but must eventually increase the home consumption of the American exporter. Either sort of expenditure must be undertaken by the American State since private individuals are evidently not going to do it. The second cause of the dollar problem is that most other countries are in the opposite situation; they cannot produce all that they wish to consume, or export as much as they wish to import. This is a happy coincidence, especially for us others, for

how could we live beyond our means if the Americans did not wish to live beneath theirs? But pleasant as it is to live beyond our means, it is generally agreed that the dollar gap is a bad thing and ought to be stopped.

Many proposals are circulating in government offices for the closing of the dollar gap:

(1) That the United States should lower its tariff, and ease the onerous and tricky administrative clauses of the tariff. It is true that the American tariff is much lower than it used to be, and that imports have not risen very much on that account, but this may largely be because the tariff is more scientific than it used to be. It may look very protectionist to have 100 per cent duty on something that no American buys, but it is, in fact, much more protectionist to have a ten per cent duty on something produced both in Yorkshire and in New England but five per cent cheaper in Yorkshire. It is doubtful if the tariff has been effectively lowered, and it is probable that a great deal can be done by lowering it at strategic points. What is more, this may actually happen, since American protectionism seems to be crumbling a little. However, the main thing is not that our imports should be a little cheaper in U.S.A., but that Americans should have money enough to buy them. This brings us to:

(2) That the U.S. Government bring about more inflation at home. This is unfortunately quite improbable now that there is a Republican Administration. Indeed, when rearmament levels off in 1954, we must expect deflation, at least for a time. Personally, however, I believe the defence programme will be revised upwards during 1953: for such on the one hand is the nature of defence chiefs, and on the other, they will rightly want to make up for Europe's backsliding.

Then there are the proposals for action by other free countries.

(3) That the 'others' re-shape their economies. They must consume less and invest more, and that they must invest in basic production, such as coal and agriculture, not in frills. For investment in unnecessary consumer goods—which the experts designate by the generic term ice-cream—is as useless for the correction of the balance of payments as the expenditure of resources on making ice cream itself.

(4) That the 'others' continue their various restrictions on the expenditure of dollars.

(5) To raise Imperial Preference. This system, which discriminates not only against the dollar but also against the franc or the lira, is surely indefensible; the object should be to have as much freedom as possible. To confine trade to the Commonwealth instead of the whole non-dollar world is a piece of quite gratuitous restriction. Besides, it is in many cases immoral: why should the poverty-stricken Nigerian be forced to buy his cloth in Lancashire when he might get it cheaper in Osaka?

(6) That the 'others' deflate, that is, raise their rate of unemployment. This would unquestionably save dollars, for unemployment not only makes men poorer and thus lowers the importation of consumer goods—which can be achieved by restrictions alone; it also brings factories to a standstill so that we can do without foreign raw materials. There is no denying that unemployment is an extremely effective solution to the dollar problem, but it is the solution of lazy and anti-social men. It represents the determination to sit on the other and sharper horn of the dilemma instead of solving it.

(7) That the 'others' reduce their rate of rearmament and use the resources so freed to export more and produce more import substitutes. This measure is openly advocated on the Continent but in this country it is Bevanism and can only be respectable in some sort of disguise. The disguise we give it is such phrases as 'flattening out the peak' (i.e., putting off until 1955), and 'quality not quantity'. Note that it is not logical to require the U.S.A. to reduce its armament. Quite the contrary: it is in our economic interest that American rearmament should remain at peak levels, for otherwise the U.S.A. will not buy these new exports.

Then there are various international monetary measures, such as an Atlantic Payments Union, or a large U.S. loan to be used as backing for the pound when it is made convertible. It is also suggested

that the United States raise the price of gold. All these schemes boil down to a disguised American subsidy to the rest of the world. Being disguised, they are less awkward politically, but they remain subsidies and probably ineffective ones at that for none of them pretends to cure the fundamental unbalance. Freedom of the exchanges is desirable as an end in itself; it would also be the natural outcome of genuine equilibrium. But as a means toward that equilibrium, freedom would simply be catastrophic. We should learn to swim before we go off the deep end, not go off the deep end in order to learn to swim. If our only trouble is that there is an unaccountable lack of confidence in the pound and the franc, it is good enough to re-establish confidence by giving them a larger gold backing or incorporating them in a payments union with the dollar and then setting them free. But the lack of confidence is not unaccountable; it has a perfectly rational motive—namely, that all the world knows that we wish to live beyond our means. To make the pound convertible would not change our character; it would simply draw off some of our gold reserves. The next time there was a recession in the United States and American imports fell, we should have to suspend convertibility, just as in 1947, in order to keep whatever gold was left.

Much the best thing to do is to re-shape our economies as in (3). If we do not do this, we shall in the long run starve in the attempt to buy food from those who cannot sell it and sell consumer goods to those who will not buy them. To expand our own agriculture is to ensure our own bread; to expand our production of basic industrial goods is to offer what the backward areas of the world really want, and what also on all grounds they should have. Moreover, we cannot expect hard cash for all these goods. We must lend a large part of them, i.e., build up a big export surplus. It is reckoned that the backward areas of the world need about fourteen thousand million dollars per annum from the advanced Western countries in order to raise their national income per head by two per cent per annum.* They received in 1950 perhaps a little more than one thousand million. Of course, all this re-shaping and foreign investment demand a rate of saving hitherto undreamed of: that is, a sharp rise in production or fall in consumption. If we fail to achieve one or the other, the Communist countries—who always expand and invest heavily—will eventually out-produce us, and the Asiatic countries, starved of the capital goods they require, will go over to the other side. On the other hand, Communism remains a short run menace as well, so that rearmament cannot be cut enough to release the necessary resources.

The sums needed for all this investment are enormous and no merely restrictive solution of the dollar problem, such as deflation, is going to help at all. Proposals (5) and (7), then, are both ruled out: they lessen either safety or wealth or both. The fourth item—a general discrimination against dollar imports—although restrictive in a sense, is necessary all the same. It is clear that, whatever we do, the dollar gap will not in fact be closed, and that dollar imports must therefore be limited. This need not limit anybody's production of essentials.

Most economists would say that (1) and (2) were undeniably right. But the inflation of home demand in the United States or the lowering of the United States tariff, although admirable merely as gap-closers, divert scarce resources from their most urgent ends. The free world should not be producing MGs as second cars for rich American families; it should be producing bicycles for Indian peasants or rifles for Frenchmen. It is well enough that the United States should import raw materials, since it uses them more productively and more economically than other countries. These imports raise the total production of the free world out of a given quantity of resources. But to send consumer goods of any kind to the United States is a misdirection of effort. There is thus a clear conflict between such ends as full employment, defence against Communism and the development of backward areas on the one hand, and the closing of the dollar gap on the other.

Yet it is certain that the dollar gap is the main problem. It is the first duty of

* United Nations *Measures for the Economic Development of the Underdeveloped Countries*, May 1951, pages 76-9.

any State to ensure a supply of foreign exchange: otherwise no raw materials can be imported, and there is unemployment; no food can be imported and there is starvation. Welfare, full employment, re-armament—all wait on the assurance of foreign exchange.

The ideal solution then is to *fill the gap, not close it.* That the United States wants to export too much and the rest of us to import too much is a beneficial complementarity. We do each other good in enabling this state of affairs to continue, for it is a natural one, and should be used in order to further our other purposes, not fought against. Successful economic planning, unlike so many recent attempts at it, is like ju-jitsu: it does not oppose the impetus that nature imparts but channels it into the right direction. The dollar gap is an admirable instrument of international social justice and international defence. The longer it persists and the bigger it is, the less wasteful consumption there will be in U.S.A., and the more useful investment elsewhere. On the American export surplus depend the defence of Indo-China and Korea, and the standard of living in India and Mexico. It would be a tragedy if this surplus disappeared. 'Trade not Aid', Mr. Butler's slogan, means more whisky and less irrigation. Britain's *rôle* should surely be to export capital to the colonies, and to finance herself by importing capital from U.S.A. Indeed, this is more or less what she has done since the war; she has borrowed on balance very little more than she has lent: to be exact, about £200 million a year more from 1946 to 1951, or about six per cent of all imports and about two per cent of the gross national product. This state of affairs was in no way unsatisfactory; it was just what we ought to have been doing. We are, as it were, a base ordnance depot exporting to the forward troops and importing from the munitions factories. No army could run which insisted that base ordnance depots received equal value from the one or gave equal value to the other. The depot is used efficiently precisely in so far as its balance of payments is favourable on one side and unfavourable on the other.

The best proposals of all, then, are that American military aid to one European country should be spent on purchases in another as is now happily being done on a very large scale; and that Fourth Point aid to backward countries, which at present merely finances technicians and advisers, should be expanded to finance goods on a large scale, just as did the Marshall Plan. In other words, it was in the Marshall Plan era that the free world used its economic resources in the best possible way, and we were quite wrong to hope that the era would only be temporary.

Obviously this is all quite other-worldly; it cannot be pretended that the United States will in fact provide money on this scale, but it is well to point out that this is the ideal solution, despite its obvious disadvantages. These include the strengthening of American political influence abroad, the administrative difficulties of continuing restrictions on purchases of dollars in other countries, and the diplomatic bickerings which attend the slicing of the dollar cake among its recipients. But if bankers are shocked and diplomats overworked, this may simply mean that the right things are happening, indeed happening too fast for them. It is obvious that diplomats and bankers have less to worry about if national sovereignty is unalloyed and national liquidity unimpeachable, but these things mean stagnation. Some political, economic and administrative strains are growing pains, though some others are degenerative symptoms; but if there are no strains, it is quite certain that there is no growth. I cannot possibly predict that the free world will, but it certainly should, welcome such growing pains.

The free world has better things to do than 'look the dollar in the face', 'make its industries fully competitive', or 'stand on its own feet'. There is poverty to be abolished; there are arms to be mobilised; there is a cold war to be won. 'The persistence of the dollar payments problem,' said Mr. Ivar Roth, Managing Director of the International Monetary Fund, on 17 November, 1952, 'is a natural consequence of excessive emphasis on full employment and rapid development.' Precisely.

Lucifer and Some Pre-Raphaelites

The Nefarious Career of Charles Augustus Howell

MONTAGUE WEEKLEY
Curator of the Bethnal Green Museum

HOWELL, who could well have sat to Wilkie Collins for the fictional portrait of a smoothly-genial crook, was furnished with an appropriate pair of Christian names. Is there not something sleekly sinister in the sequence of Charles and Augustus? Conan Doyle must have sensed this connotation when he chose the name 'Charles Augustus Milverton' as the title for his Sherlock Holmes story of a blandly ruthless blackmailer.

Howell's origins and early life remain obscure. The obscurity is partly due to his habit of glamorous mendacity, a trait which he shared with Frank Harris, whom he somewhat resembled. He is said to have been born in Lisbon, the son of an English drawing master who had settled there, and a Portuguese mother. Rossetti's limerick refers to these foreign antecedents:

'There's a Portuguese person called Howell,
Who lays on his lies with a trowel:
Should he give over lying,
'Twill be when he's dying,
For living is lying with Howell.'

He claimed descent, through his mother, from Boabdil el chico (the little), the last Moorish King of Granada at the close of the fifteenth century. In his youth Howell had, according to his own account, supported his mother and sisters by diving for treasure in a sunken galleon. According to information, not furnished by himself, Howell had been convicted of card-sharping at Oporto in 1857 when he was seventeen years old, after which he had been shipped over to England and placed in the care of an uncle at Darlington. From Darlington he moved to London, a likelier field for his peculiar talents, where he had become friendly with the Rossetti family before 1858. During that year Howell seems to have been implicated, perhaps innocently, in the Orsini bomb plot, the attempt on the life of Napoleon III. He sought refuge with his family in Portugal, but returned to England in 1864, where he remained for the rest of his life, passing into *and out of* the lives of Ruskin, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Swinburne, and Whistler.

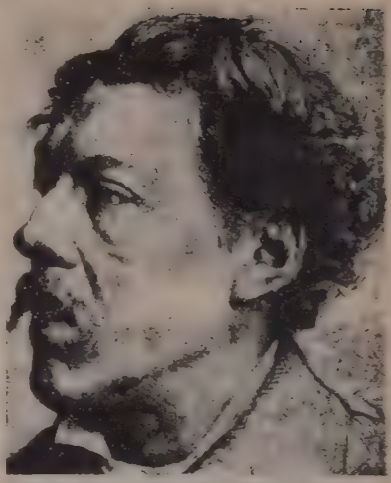
When, in 1864, Ruskin inherited £120,000 from his father, the wealthy sherry importer, he chose to employ Howell as a general factotum and as almoner for his charities. This job marked the beginning of Howell's London career as an art dealer and miscellaneous agent, one for which he was in many ways brilliantly qualified. He became an irresistible salesman. A distinguished personal appearance and manner were reinforced by energy and marvellous resource, as well as by a considerable flair for paintings and *objets d'art*. Ruskin's formidable old mother saw through Howell before her son had been driven to dispense with his services. W. G. Collingwood, Ruskin's biographer, tells of Howell at Denmark Hill, regaling them with tall stories, when Mrs. Ruskin exclaimed impatiently: 'How *can* you two sit there and listen to such a pack of lies?' One may assume, without certain knowledge, that the breach with Ruskin in 1866 was due to some diversion of the latter's bounty from its intended objects. There is a

story that Howell went to Ireland on Ruskin's behalf, where, disguised as a tramp, he contrived an interview with Rose La Touche, the youthful object of Ruskin's devotion, in order to plead his employer's frustrated suit. He owed his association with the young Burne-Jones to Ruskin, who set Howell up in a house near the Burne-Joneses at North End, Fulham, so that he might keep an eye on their welfare. The eventual outcome was that Burne-Jones found Howell 'a base, treacherous, unscrupulous and malignant fellow'; to Lady Burne-Jones he was 'one who came amongst us in friend's clothing, but inwardly was a stranger to all that our life meant.'

From the service of Ruskin, Howell transferred himself as literary agent to Swinburne, who was for some years closely linked with the Pre-Raphaelite circle. Howell was to take charge of the complicated negotiations with Swinburne's publishers. Swinburne's relations with Howell seem to have culminated in blackmail deriving from a threat to publish erotic letters which the poet had indited. Swinburne's disillusionment was voiced on a characteristically shrill note: 'the polecat Howell: the vilest wretch I ever came across.'

In 1867 Howell married his cousin, Kate Howell, at St. Matthew's, Brixton. Wedding guests included Christina and William Rossetti, the William Morrises, the Burne-Joneses, and the Madox Browns. Lucy Madox Brown, afterwards Mrs. William Rossetti, was a bridesmaid. There cannot have been many weddings at that epoch where the assistance would have been more distinguished. The young husband and his attractive wife served as models for Rossetti's painting, 'Washing Hands',* in which Howell's rather exotic good looks are set off to advantage by an eighteenth-century costume. He is described as resembling the full-length portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez in the National Gallery, but with dark chestnut hair and a more masculine cast of feature and complexion.

All the accounts of Howell dilate on his magnetic charm which enabled him to introduce everyone to everyone else. He was a congenital middleman, blithely active, infinitely resourceful, and much



Howell in 1879, from a drawing by M. L. Mompes

disposed to claim ready access to those in high places. Was a subscription to be got up or a Civil List pension to be secured for some notable artist fallen on evil days, Howell was the man to set the ball rolling in the right direction, making much self-important play with illustrious names: 'I will speak to Sir Richard Wallace [of Wallace Collection fame] and see if he will give me a hundred or two.' Or: 'Gladstone is no use and you must have no hope in him. Dizzy would be sure to give something on the Civil List, and it would be worth while waiting for him. It was he who gave me the £95 yearly for Cruikshank and it was all done in five minutes in his little room.' Like so many other restless people, Howell was a chain-smoker of cigarettes.

Valuable to Madox Brown and Watts in selling their work, he was outstandingly useful as salesman or negotiator to Rossetti and Whistler. At Madox Brown's parties in Fitzroy Street, Howell's shirt-front would be adorned by a broad red ribbon which was said to be a Portuguese order hereditary in his family. When William Morris was asked whether he knew how it had been awarded, he answered shortly that he supposed Howell must have stolen it from somebody.

*The writer has been unable to trace the present whereabouts of this painting, which was reproduced in more than one book on Rossetti.

Howell's relations with Rossetti and Whistler remained cordial over a period of years. Whistler had infected Rossetti with the enthusiasm for Japanese colour prints and Chinese blue-and-white porcelain, which the former had caught during his earlier sojourn in Paris. Howell also acquired a taste for such *orientalia*, and profited by dealing in them, strengthening at the same time his friendly relationship with each. There was obviously much of the adventurer in Whistler's composition and more than a dash in that of Rossetti, which would predispose them to feel the attraction of Howell as a kindred spirit. Even when they recognised the full extent of his iniquities and had severed business dealings with him, neither Whistler nor Rossetti could bring themselves to dislike Howell. To Whistler he was 'the wonderful man, the genius, the Gil Blas-Robinson Crusoe hero out of his proper time, the creature of top-boots and plumes, splendidly flamboyant, the real hero of the picaresque novel, forced by modern conditions into other adventures and along other roads.'

A dramatically historic episode in Howell's career occurred when Rossetti entrusted him with the arrangements for recovering the manuscript volume of his poems from Elizabeth Rossetti's coffin, seven years after her death. Rossetti had married Elizabeth Siddal in 1860. Her beauty, chiefly remarkable for a wonderful head of red-gold hair, is perpetuated in paintings by Rossetti and Millais, the most famous of which is Millais's 'Ophelia'. After two years of marriage she died of an overdose of laudanum in circumstances pointing to suicide, and was buried in the family grave of the Rossettis in Highgate Cemetery. Christina and William Rossetti were afterwards interred in the same grave. Before his wife's coffin was closed, Rossetti had, in a frenzy of remorseful grief, laid his unpublished manuscript volume of poems beneath her marvellous hair. This was in February 1862. By the autumn of 1869 Rossetti was bent on retrieving his poems and Howell was the obvious agent to engage for this macabre undertaking. The Home Secretary from 1868 to 1873 was H. A. Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare, with whom Rossetti had previously been in negotiation over a triptych, 'The Seed of David', commissioned from Rossetti for the altar of Llandaff. A serious initial difficulty had to be overcome—an authorisation from Rossetti's mother, the owner of the grave. The problem, however, of securing old Mrs. Rossetti's agreement was somehow obviated, and the exhumation was effected on an evening of October 1869 in the presence of Howell, Mr. Virtue Tebbs, solicitor, and Dr. Llewellyn Williams. A huge fire was lit beside the opened grave in order to ward off the risk of infection. Howell afterwards related that Elizabeth's body was wonderfully preserved and that the renowned hair had continued to grow after death, so that the whole coffin was filled with its golden strands. Howell had been instructed to distinguish between the MS. poems, 'bound in rough grey calf', and a Bible which had also been laid in the coffin. Dr. Williams took charge of the recovered book, soaked through with mould and damp, and in his laboratory dried it carefully page by page, saturating the leaves with disinfectants. Howell preserved the correspondence on the subject of the exhumation and pasted it in a book which eventually found its way into the Troxell Collection in the U.S.

The final phase of Rossetti's life, with health wrecked by his addiction to chloral, was passed at the small Kentish resort of Birchington-on-Sea. Years had passed since Rossetti had been forced to break with him, when Howell, arriving uninvited at Birchington where Hall Caine was staying, afforded Rossetti the last hearty laugh that he was destined to enjoy. Hall Caine recorded their meeting:

'One day this soldier of fortune turned up unexpectedly at our bungalow, and was received with the utmost cordiality. He was a somewhat battered person, with the face of a whipped cab-horse [see illustration], but so clever, so humorous, so audacious, that Rossetti's flagging spirits were wonderfully awakened by his visit. I think the poet remarked that the last time they had met was when his visitor had bought "a tiddy bit of blue" (blue china) for him.

'"And what are you doing now, Charles?" said Rossetti.

'"Buying horses for the King of Portugal," said the soldier of fortune, and then

Rossetti laughed until he nearly rolled out of his seat.'

One of Whistler's finest female portraits is that of Miss Rosa Corder, which he called 'arrangement in black and brown'. She was a *garçonne*, herself a painter with a studio at Newmarket where she could indulge her ardour for painting horses. Rosa Corder became a close friend of Ellen Terry, who wrote of 'her wonderful pale hair which lay upon the ground several inches when she was standing up.' Rossetti, writing to Madox Brown from William Morris's country home at Kelmscott, refers to Howell's liaison with Rosa Corder and mentions 'Howell's supplementary family'. Howell and his mistress figure in a story told by Whistler which furnishes a notable contribution to the Howell saga:

'Well, you know—it happened one summer evening in those days when there was real summer, I was sitting looking out of the window in Lindsey Row [Chelsea], and there was Howell passing, and Miss Rosa Corder was with him. And I called to them, and they came in, and Howell said: "Why, you have etched many plates, haven't you? You must get them out, you must print them, you must let me see to them—there's gold waiting. And you have a press." And so I had, in a room upstairs, only it was rusty, it hadn't been used for so long. But Howell wouldn't listen to an objection. He said he would fix up the press, he would pull it. And there was no escape. And the next morning, there we all were, Miss Rosa Corder too, and Howell was pulling at the wheel, and there were basins of water, and paper being damped, and prints being dried, and then Howell was grinding more ink, and, with the plates under my fingers, I felt all the old love of it come back. In the afternoon Howell would go and see Mr. Graves, the print-seller, and there were orders flying about, and cheques—it was all amazing you know! Howell profited, of course. But he was so superb. One evening we had left a pile of eleven prints just pulled, and the next morning only five were there. "It's very strange!" Howell said, "we must have a search. No one could have taken them but me, and that, you know, is impossible."'

Whistler offered the portrait of Rosa Corder as a present to Howell, who, however, insisted on paying a hundred guineas for it. A few months later Whistler recollected that Howell had borrowed this sum from him a week before buying the portrait. Ruskin, who firmly believed in copying as a discipline for art students, thought highly of Howell as a copyist. Spurious Rossetti drawings, some of which appeared even before Rossetti's death, have been ascribed to Howell and Rosa Corder. Sir Max Beerbohm's greatest volume of cartoons, 'Rossetti and his Circle,' includes 'Mr — and Miss — nervously perpetuating the touch of a vanished hand'. Rosa Corder is depicted working at an easel while Howell, hand to ear, is listening apprehensively at the door.

At various times and in various ways, Howell formed collections of pictures and art objects which were, apparently, more than once auctioned after his alleged decease. Graham Robertson, the artist and collector, tells in his reminiscences of receiving a hurried scrawl from Ellen Terry: 'Howell is really dead this time! Do go to Christie's and see what turns up.' Robertson also describes a conversation with Whistler about items included in this sale of Howell's possessions: 'I went through a list of objects that had pleased me, Whistler thoughtfully docketing them—"That was Rossetti's—that's mine—that's Swinburne's—" and so on. He seemed not in the least put out at the loss of his property, all ill-feeling being merged in admiration.'

The man whose chief claim to be unforgotten must be his connection with the gruesome recovery of Rossetti's poems came to a mysterious end in keeping with this macabre destiny. He was found lying in the gutter outside a Chelsea tavern with his throat cut and a ten shilling piece thrust between his clenched teeth. Taken to the Home Hospital in Fitzroy Square, he died on April 24, 1890, the cause of death being euphemistically certified as pneumonic phthisis.

Tapestry

A Twentieth-century Renaissance

MARGARET CROSLAND

For most people in England the word 'tapestry' is automatically associated with the much-faded hangings we see in museums or old houses; the tapestries are often kept there merely because they have always been there, and in any case they conveniently cover up empty walls. The Bayeux Tapestry, the only other association that comes to mind immediately, is, ironically enough, embroidered and not woven. In many countries outside England, however, tapestry is now associated almost as much with modern work as with the eighteenth century; the reason is that the renaissance of tapestry design in France, which began about thirty years ago with Jean Lurçat's work, has become a well-established artistic force with a sound commercial basis.

The art itself is almost as old as painting and sculpture since traces of it can be found in the oldest civilisations of Peru, Egypt and China. It seems to have been brought to Europe from Constantinople during or just after the Crusades, and the first tapestries were woven during the thirteenth century in Flanders. The town of Arras became such an important centre for the work that its name became synonymous with tapestries. In 1258 a statute for tapestry workers made it clear that they could work only for the richest patrons —*aus yglises et aus gentilshomes et aus hauz homes come à roy et à contes.*

Fine tapestry was indeed a prized possession; at the end of his reign, Henry VIII, for instance, owned two thousand pieces. He had received many of these from Burgundy as royal gifts, but he had also found it useful to keep agents in Brussels, to buy work for him and to spend their spare time gathering political intelligence. Flanders remained the centre of what became a flourishing industry, and although tapestry was classed as a craft in Paris in 1302, there was very little produced in France until after the capture of Arras by Louis XI in 1477. It has remained a French town ever since.

It was towards the end of the fourteenth century that the oldest existing tapestry in Europe was woven by Nicolas Bataille's atelier in Paris for Louis, Duke of Anjou. This was the famous series known as the Apocalypse of Angers designed by Hennequin de Bruges. Of the original ninety pieces, seventy-two have been preserved; they were brought to London in 1947 with the official exhibition of French tapestry shown at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In 1937 the painter Jean Lurçat saw the Angers tapestries for the first time. As far back as 1915, when he was painting a ceiling in the University of Marseilles, he had decided that painted ceilings were completely unsuitable in a climate that was often damp and in an atmosphere full of factory smoke. He began to wonder why tapestry which had been used to cover walls for so many centuries seemed suddenly to have been forgotten by everybody.

During the Middle Ages its use had been functional. The huge stone rooms in the noblemen's castles, with their high ceilings and sparse furniture, looked cold and bare; no form of painting, on wood or on the walls themselves, satisfactorily cured the unconscious agoraphobia of the inhabitants. Tapestry was the only solution. It was essentially on a large scale, for the weaving of a design would hardly be worth-while otherwise; also, it was usually woven specifically for one wall or room, and when hung, it remained where it was. It kept out draughts and made new walls by curtaining off the corners of a room. It could make a false wall which was very

useful for gallantry or espionage, and the death of Polonius is the classic proof that tapestry was part of the furniture and of the architecture itself.

Since the mediæval way of life continued in France with little important change until the reign of Louis XIV, the use of tapestry continued. At the suggestion of Colbert, the Gobelins ateliers were created in 1662, named after the fifteenth-century dyer, Jehan Gobelin. The ateliers became the Manufacture Royale in 1667, and under the direction of Le Brun they produced tapestries to glorify the exploits of Louis XIV and his generals. The Beauvais ateliers began work under Royal patronage at the same time, concentrating mainly on decorative panels known as 'verdures' because of their green backgrounds. Some 250 years later, in 1920, Jean Lurçat went to the Gobelins to study details of technique and to see what was being done. He was appalled when he found some workers occupied in making a direct copy of a classical panel by Odilon Redon, the eighteenth-century designer, and others busy with a huge tableau of the Sleeping Beauty designed by Jean Weber, the caricaturist of *Le Rire*. Lurçat realised that the industry had never recovered from the decadence of the eighteenth century when both the Royal ateliers produced tapestries which were meant to look as nearly like paintings as possible. Boucher, Lancret and others had been popular as designers, but they produced no special cartoons for the weavers—they merely allowed their pictures to be copied. As many as 14,000 colours were used in these copies, and the cost of tapestry became prohibitive for all but a few families in addition to the King.

Lurçat realised that he could expect no support from the Gobelins administration for his contemporary designs or for the simplicity which seemed to him to be strength. Some support for his plans came, however, from a private patron of art, Madame Cuttoli, who, in 1930, commissioned many famous artists to design for tapestry. The painters invited to contribute included Picasso, Raoul Dufy, Rouault, Léger, Miro and Le Corbusier, few of whom knew anything about the technique of tapestry and merely sent pictures to be copied. The results, which had in many cases only a curiosity value, were formed into an exhibition which travelled all round the world, and had considerable success.

The tapestries were woven in the privately-owned ateliers of Aubusson, the inaccessible small town in the Creuse to which Flemish workers had gone in the fifteenth century. Nothing much is known about the earliest work produced there, although it is now thought that *La Dame à la Licorne*, one of the most famous surviving tapestries in the world, may have been woven there early in the sixteenth century. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent the best Flemish workers to England and other countries, with the result that Aubusson tapestries were not particularly distinguished, and included many copies of work from the Gobelins or Beauvais. Just before the last war, Aubusson was still making copies, not the large-scale tapestries which were destined to add the final touches to reconstructed eighteenth-century interiors in the U.S.A., but more intimate copies; favourites were miniature reproductions from *La Dame à la Licorne*, and there was one 'artist' who copied photographs in tapestry with such success that during the Vichy government he was commissioned to do the portrait of Pétain.

In 1933, only Le Corbusier, Léger and Miro managed to send to Aubusson correctly-drawn 'cartoons' which the workers could copy. Lurçat, of course, and Lucien Coutaud had been making a special study of technique and experimenting on their own. The cartoon can either include colours which the weaver, or *licier*, can match, or it can indicate colours by a numbering system already known to the atelier. Aubusson workers claim to do only what they are told, whereas the Gobelins workers often consider themselves to be artists in their own right. This may be the reason why it usually takes a year at the Gobelins for one man to carry out a square metre of work. At Aubusson the same results are obtained in one month. Since many tapestries worked to-day are about

Modern French Tapestry

La Dame à la Licorne

Raoul Dufy

Pages de France : Scène Champêtre (1.18 × 2 m.) *Galerie Louis Carre*

Jean Picart le Doux

La Bouquetière (1.50 × 2 m.)
Atelier Berthaut. Aubusson

Jean Picart le Doux

Equator (2.90 × 3.50 m.)
Made in collaboration with L. M. Jullien for the liner Flandre

Coq Liege

Cartoon by Jean Lurçat (1.50 × 1.00 m.)
Association des Peintres Cartonniers de Tapisserie

Jean Lurçat

"Le ciel . . . la terre . . . la paix"

Marc Saint-Saens

Theseus and the Minotaur

4 by 3 metres square, one worker could complete one panel in a year. By employing three or four workers at one loom, the panel can be finished in three or four months. The tapestries produced at Aubusson now are low-warp, or *basse-lice*. This means that the worker stands, or leans against a wooden bench, in front of the loom as though before a table, and separates the threads of the warp by working a treadle with his feet. As he works always on the wrong side of the panel, the *licier* has to use a hand-mirror to see the effect on the right side. The more conservative experts, particularly at the Gobelins, believe that high-warp, or *haute-lice*, gives better results, because for one reason the worker can look at his work simply by going to the other side of the perpendicular loom. It is, however, the *basse-lice* work at Aubusson which has created the tapestry renaissance, and Lurçat maintains that the two systems give identical results.

Aubusson is in fact a self-contained world. All wools are dyed in the ateliers, and a wide range of colours is available. The modern artist, however, tries to use as few, not as many colours in one design as possible. This is one of the most important developments; when Lurçat realised that the powerful and moving *Apocalypse* used only about seventeen colours—mainly blues, greens, reds, white and black—he knew immediately that he must simplify his own palette. The other important factor, the coarse weave used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, gave an impression of greater strength and depth than the ultra-fine weaves used during the eighteenth century. It also demanded a design which took account of the weave and used it to advantage. The *Apocalypse* contains only five threads to one centimetre and *La Dame à la Licorne* (in which silk is used as well as wool) contains six. Lurçat uses even coarser weaves of $4\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{8}{10}$ to the centimetre, and his total palette contains only thirty-four colours. Many other contemporary designers prefer six or more threads to the centimetre.

This return to mediæval methods was satisfactory both from the artistic and commercial point of view. The mediæval artist and the *licier* were craftsmen who earned their living, and through the simplification carried out at Lurçat's instigation, the price of tapestry came down; more buyers came forward, and the ateliers at Aubusson became more and more active. Lurçat went to work there in 1937 and, with other artists interested in tapestry design, he stayed there part of the war. An exhibition of their work in 1945 was an immediate success; the *Association des Peintres Cartonniers de Tapisserie* was formed, and it is through this body that most artists are commissioned now, while the charge to the public is about £70 per square metre. Although this sounds expensive, there is no shortage of buyers. Tapestry, with its brilliant colours and its warm, natural-looking texture has proved to be an ideal decorative element for rooms furnished in the light colours and plain lines so popular to-day. The demand has been particularly high in countries such as Sweden and Denmark, where the standard of interior decoration is good. Like the former French monarchs, President Auriol presents tapestry to heads of States as a sign of international goodwill. He recently ordered one for the King of Afghanistan. Official buildings in Paris and elsewhere are decorated with tapestry, and for the French Line ship *La Flandre*, Jean Picart le Doux and L. M. Jullien designed a magnificent panel entitled *L'Equateur*. Out of an exhibition of thirty tapestries recently sent to South America, twenty-seven were sold; the Polish Government has recently ordered numbers of tapestries for official buildings and has paid French artists larger fees than any other buyer, official or private. In France the national ateliers have followed the lead given by Aubusson and are now weaving contemporary designs.

This success is in striking contrast to what has happened in England. The Edinburgh Tapestry Company has been saved from closing only by the commission to weave the 62 ft. by 40 ft. Graham Sutherland panel for Coventry Cathedral; they cannot produce a tapestry for less than £15 a square foot, which is more than twice the retail price in France. In addition, there is a purchase tax of 50 per cent.

Designs copied from Brangwyn or Stanley Spencer are not likely to please foreign or home buyers more than work by Lurçat or Picart le Doux, and although policy is said to be following the French lead, the use of colours and the interpretation of design lack subtlety for the moment. Obviously the English approach will be different, but it would be preferable to recapture an atmosphere akin to that of William Sheldon's work in the sixteenth century, when English tapestry had a brief existence of its own, rather than imitate the nineteenth century or strain after contemporary effect which is temporarily out of reach.

The success of contemporary French work seems likely to last; its appeal is direct, and goes to the imagination rather than to the intelligence, thus reaching a wide public. All the best designs are symbolic rather than episodic in character, decorative rather than didactic. The need for a new lyrical quality felt to-day by so many artists and writers is admirably fulfilled by tapestry, with its repetitive backgrounds and feeling of space. A tapestry design must be sure of itself; it must please, and it must be in harmony with its surroundings.

One of the most-sought-after designers to-day is Jean Picart le Doux, whose graceful poetic designs have a flowery beauty reminiscent of the *mille fleurs* style of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth century typified by *La Dame à la Licorne.* The figures he creates—the bird-catcher, the sea-god, night and day—are already permanent symbols and can never be tiring. Provided he does not produce too much and does not let his style remain stationary, he will continue to be successful, because he never fails to please. Marc Saint-Saens has the same poetic inspiration, but his figures live in a colder, harsher atmosphere, and move with a firmer tread. *Theseus and the Minotaur* is already a classic, but it is not a work which one could look at time and time again with the same satisfaction.

The achievements of Lurçat himself, whose work in tapestry design has eclipsed his painting, are impressive. His panels are so alive with incandescent colours that they almost seem to move and sing. His white seems whiter by contrast than any white used by a painter, and with a minimum of colours he can achieve virtuoso effects. Recently, however, his themes have sometimes been obscure and his designs too detailed. The famous cockerel sometimes seems to have been overworked—'*le coq le plus insolemment coq qui se puisse trouver (c'est à dire un coq comme tous les coqs!)*', as he described it, when he first saw it in a field next to his studio in 1942. In England Lurçat's name is the only one associated with contemporary tapestry, for his work has been exhibited to some extent. At its best it is virile and rewarding, and without it there may never have been any contemporary tapestry designers.

There are many other names—Gromaire, whose work is angular and heavy, and often appears to be intended as political propaganda; Guignebert, whose strange fishermen and other figures are less graceful and more enigmatic than those of Picart le Doux; Dom Robert and Wogensky, both lyrical in quality; and many others. Among artists who had already a well-established reputation as painters, the one whose work in tapestry has most technical competence is Dufy, while Léger has produced abstract designs which are unexpectedly successful. Possibly the greatest influence behind tapestry design from the artist's point of view was Matisse.

Apart from the officially-sponsored exhibition which reached the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1947, very little contemporary French tapestry has been seen in England. Gimpel Fils have shown it, and the B.B.C. owns a Lurçat panel. While tapestry is classed as woollen textiles by the Board of Trade, there is little possibility of more of it reaching England. In the U.S.A. the tariff law has even been amended to allow tapestries to enter the country at a more reasonable price. British tourists will only be able to see them if they can manage to get to the Continent on holiday; otherwise they will have to be content with photographs, which, even in colour, can give only a very limited impression of the extraordinarily vivid and attractive work, traditional and contemporary at once, now being carried out in France.

A Story

Old Sporting Prince

INEZ HOLDEN

PRINCE POMMERAL backed his car carefully down the lane until he came to the clearing.

'There,' he looked with pride at the tall poplar trees planted in a line towards the river and the elegant weeping willows which shaded the clearing from the road. 'There, admit, my dear Joan, that you couldn't have found a better place for a picnic yourself.'

'I couldn't have found a place for a picnic at all, my dear Gene,' she answered, and at once her thoughts went back to those days, after Johnny's leave, when they would return to some sad garrison town where his regiment was stationed. 'Look here, old girl, what about a bite of something to eat?' And Johnny would stop the car and they would eat their picnic meal there beside the road. 'But', Joan thought, 'I know better than to discuss a former husband's failings with a possible future husband. For, although it is too soon to say yet, I cannot help thinking that perhaps I may marry Pommeral some day.'

'This is a wonderful place,' she said aloud. 'How does it happen that the grass is so green after all these weeks of sun?'

'There is a little stream there,' he answered.

'I don't see it.'

'It is hidden by that line of poplars; they drink up the water like anything; in fact, they have turned a tributary of the river into a small stream. I suppose it will dry up altogether one day.' Pommeral was unpacking the picnic basket. He spread his old raincoat on the ground. 'That's for us to sit on.' Then he put the brightly coloured Moroccan rug down in front of it. 'I think that makes rather a good table-cloth, don't you?'

'It's beautiful. Were you ever in Morocco yourself?'

'Yes, I was there once.'

'I suppose you have been everywhere really—all over the world, I mean.'

'Oh, no. I don't consider myself a widely-travelled man, at all. Naturally I have been in most countries in Europe, at some time or other, and I spent a good deal of time in America—my mother was American, as I think I told you.'

'I have never been in America at all and I haven't seen even a quarter of Europe.'

'But, my dear little Joan, you are only half my age, aren't you, so there is plenty of time for you to travel? As a matter of fact, when I think of the way my mother used to drag me backwards and forwards across the Atlantic, I rather envy anyone who has been able to enjoy a more localised life. That is why I tend to spend more and more time in my little flat in Paris nowadays.'

'What happens there when you are away?'

'Nothing happens there. Therese looks after it until I come back again.'

'Tante Charlotte has told me all about Therese,' Joan thought. "My dear, he found her dancing in some low dive—a cheap cabaret," Tante Charlotte told me, in that hushed voice she seems to bring out of cold storage when she wants to discuss any world other than her own. "We don't know how Therese ever got into such bad company because we have heard since that she really came from quite a respectable peasant family, somewhere down in the Midi. Anyhow, Apple took her back to his flat in Paris and employed her as his housekeeper. Of course, my dear,

all this began many years ago." Tante Charlotte had shown Joan a photograph of an immensely fat woman, surrounded by a pack of small pet dogs. 'That's Therese,' she had said. 'We think she is quite a good influence on Apple and I daresay she really is his housekeeper by now.'

Pommeral was taking some plates out of the picnic basket. It was odd the way his friends all called him Apple. The name did not suit him at all, with his remarkably good looks, his fine Roman head and his splendid stalking walk.

'Does your name Pommeral really come from pomme?' she asked.

'My name comes from the château of Pommeral. It is true that the castle was in a beautiful country of orchards.'

'Were the orchards all apple trees?'

'How should I know?' he said. 'It is more or less waste land now and the castle itself was burnt down at the time of the religious wars.'

'Oh, I see, some time ago.'

'We are not a new family,' he answered coldly as he began to unpack some peaches.

'You don't mind my calling you Gene, do you?' she asked. 'Eugene seems too serious, and I don't think I could call you Apple—Apple only makes me think of something one throws away when one begins to get near the core. So it will have to be Gene, won't it?'

'Of course. I was often called Gene in America. It is a name they are very fond of over there—Gene and Joan—our names sound rather alike.' He smiled. 'As if we had been travelling companions for a long time.'

'Yes. You know, if I had been told a week ago that we should meet at Charlotte's château for the first time, and that we should find ourselves picnicking on the road to Cahors all within six days—well, I wouldn't have believed it, would you?'

'Yes,' he said.

'You mean, you would have believed it —well, when did you think that we might elope like this?'

'It was the first day, when you came out on to the terrace and Tante Charlotte said, "Apple, I want you to meet my cousin Mrs. Corfield"—of course, she had already told me that you were a widow.'

'But how could you know then that we should leave Charlotte's château together so soon?'

'Oh, well, of course I couldn't know for certain. It was only that I hoped something of the sort would happen and I always like to believe that the things I want will happen.'

Joan watched Pommeral arranging the plates and sandwiches so carefully for her picnic and wondered whether his last remark wasn't somewhat disappointing. 'So you find that wishing will make it so?'

'I don't know; in this case I was fortunate, but then I don't suppose I have ever wanted anything so much before.'

Joan had got up and was walking round the little patch of grass. 'Oh, I bet you say that to all the girls,' she sang out in a pseudo-American accent. Pommeral did not reply. 'I shouldn't have said anything as obvious as that,' she thought. 'I suppose it's his turn to be disappointed with me now.'

'Here they are,' Pommeral said.

Joan came back and sat down in front of the Moroccan rug. 'What?' she asked.

'The spoons,' he said.

'What do we want spoons for?'

'The melon, of course.' He held a wine-glass up to the light, looking into its emptiness. 'We've got some white wine,' he said. 'I had it put into a Thermos to keep it cool; the coffee is in another Thermos to keep it hot.'

'Coffee as well?'

'Of course. I thought you might like some more coffee later in the afternoon so I got another Thermos for the hot milk; as a matter of fact, I borrowed this one, the third Thermos, from Madame Gabuille.'

'Madame Gabuille?'

'Yes, Tante Charlotte's cook.'

Joan was glad that he called her cousin Tante Charlotte. Pommeral was not related to her of course, but 'Tante Charlotte' and 'Charlotte's château' were old family jokes and Joan was glad to be able to share them with Pommeral now. 'We really get on very well, Gene and I,' she thought.

'So that's her name,' she said aloud.

'The cook—yes, Madame Gabuille'. He began to dole out the cold chicken and then the salad. He handed her some bread. Then he put the salt and pepper near her. 'Here you are, my darling.'

'All the same, it is extraordinary to think that we really are here together.'

He stared at her as if, amazed at her beauty, he could not believe his good fortune. This staring of his was a mannerism which she knew now, but it never failed to fascinate her. 'He is a man who understands women,' she thought.

'When did you——' He hesitated and then repeated, 'When did you consider me at all?' And now the modest smile.

'Well, I'll tell you, Gene—you know that second evening at Charlotte's château . . .'

'Yes . . .'

'When Charlotte was reading out those advertisements from the Agony Column in one of the English newspapers—"A fine pair of Jodhpurs for sale—only worn once, will sacrifice . . .".'

'Oh yes, Charlotte is very fond of that reading-out stunt.'

'And she came to that one "Wanted —old sporting prints" and you said "An old sporting Prince wanted—I ought to answer that one"—well, that was the moment when I saw that you were quite a simple sort of person really—I mean otherwise you wouldn't be able to make fun of yourself in that way—old sporting Prince—you see, Gene, I'd always heard about you as the dashing Prince Eugene Pommeral, in fact, there'd been all these romantic stories about you—ever since I was a child.'

'You heard romantic stories about me? —from whom?'

'Well, of course, Tante Charlotte often talked about you, but most of the stories came from my cousin Helen.'

'Helen? What could she possibly have to say about me?'

'Oh, a great deal, Gene—a great deal, I assure you. Helen was still adolescent while I was in the nursery. She was quite keen on you.'

'Impossible'.

'I didn't say you were keen on her; I said she was keen on you, of course all in a rather silly schoolgirlish way—there was a time when Helen was always telling me about how so many women were madly in love with you and about how an actress in Paris had even tried to commit suicide —all for love of you.'

'An actress—never'.

'Yes, Helen even told me her name—Betty Bouillion. It was such a ridiculous name that it must have been her real name. So you see, when I met you at Charlotte's château, six days ago, you were already quite famous to me, with this dramatic background of women dying for love of you all over Europe and in America, too, for all one knows. But of course Helen's information didn't stretch beyond this Continent. Very different from my life these last years, married to Johnny, oh dear, the dreary life in the garrison towns, and then after poor Johnny was killed, I got a job in a hat-shop until it went bankrupt.'

'And then?'

'And then I came to stay at Charlotte's château and met you.'

'Thank heaven you did, my darling.' He looked thoughtfully at the sandwich he was eating. 'Not a bad cheese, this,' he said, 'and the lettuce is better than I expected. I asked Madame Gabuille to wrap it in a damp cloth; it makes all the difference you know.'

'I suppose that is a hint to me not to become too serious, even if we are in love,' Joan thought, 'so he talks about Madame Gabuille and the lettuce and the damp cloth.'

Pommeral returned to the subject of their first meeting. 'Then you couldn't take me very seriously to begin with.'

'Not seriously enough or too seriously— I don't know which it was really. You see, you didn't seem quite real to me until you made that joke about yourself as the old sporting Prince. Before that you might have been someone on the screen.'

'On the screen?—what do you mean?'

'A film actor or something'.

'Oh no, a film actor, I should have thought that is the last thing I am like.' He began to laugh but Joan saw that he was rather pleased. 'How absurd,' he said. 'Dear little Joan, seeing film actors everywhere in everyday life. What a child you are. *C'est comme si j'ai trouvé un enfant.*'

Joan was pleased with Pommeral's way of throwing French phrases and words into English sentences, that second afternoon at the château she had seen him on the terrace talking to the cat, stroking it with his walking stick—'*Ah, il va purr,*' she had

heard him saying. 'It shows that he is a Continental man,' she thought. 'He knows his way about, he has a graceful way of living, he is not at all like poor Johnny, bounded by the life of the barracks.'

'What a beautiful place this is,' she said.

'Yes, isn't it?' he answered, 'I shall never forget it.' He moved towards her.

Pommeral seemed to return too soon from love-making to the preoccupations of mundane life. 'Tante Charlotte got her cook from Marseilles, you know. I have no idea why she chose to search in that particular district for a cook.'

'Oh well, she's a good cook—wouldn't you say so?' Joan pulled her sweater over her head. 'The food was excellent at Charlotte's château.'

Pommeral shrugged his shoulders. 'Yes and no. I wouldn't call her a first-class cook. If the food at Charlotte's was better than usual, you can thank me for that. I always make a point of calling on the cook. A little flattery works wonders—puts them on their mettle.'

'You are absurd, really.' Joan looked in her little looking-glass; her face was in shadow; she looked up at the sky. 'Why, it's clouding over,' she said.

'In the Dordogne it often rains and there are thunderstorms, too.'

'I am afraid of them.'

'We shall be all right in the car.' He began to pack the three Thermos flasks and the sandwiches. 'They will do for tea.' Then the pepper and salt went back into the picnic basket. 'He knows I am afraid of the storm, so he is not hurrying, he is taking things calmly to reassure me.'

'I'll just go down to the stream and wash these plates,' Pommeral said.

As the first drops of rain came, Joan got into the car. How well planned it was; the two back seats had been taken away and now there was a narrow seat on either side as in a railway carriage and on the seats and under them there were the suitcases of dark blue leather, numbered in white Roman figures, I, II, III and IV. There was also a large hold-all in leather, which stood on the floor of the car beside her own case. Pommeral came back. He arranged the picnic basket in a corner seat, then he folded the Moroccan rug very carefully and put it over the hold-all.

'I have been looking at your car. I have never seen one like it before,' she said.

'Oh, I had it reconstructed a bit. Now I know where everything is and I can take a lot of things without creating any disorder. For instance, the camping equipment is in the hold-all there. I always take it with me in case I get stranded. Most people are so disorderly; they waste a lot of time like that.'

'Yes, don't they!'

They drove forward into the storm. The road began to rise and, when the valley below them was lit with lightning, it seemed as if they were being shown for an instant a cavern in a Fun Fair, fearsome because it appeared artificial. Joan shuddered.

'Don't worry,' Pommeral said. 'I am a careful driver and I know the way. Although the country appears to be rather wild, we are still travelling on a first-class road. I always follow the Michelin map as far as this kind of thing is concerned. It really pays one to do so.'

'Yes, yes, I am sure it does.' No doubt Pommeral was doing his best to take her mind off the thunderstorm, but the detail worried her—the Michelin map, the first-class road, his ability to drive carefully, the fact that he had taken this route before and knew the way—Pommeral was talking again through the storm. 'I think we'll have tea beyond Cahors.'

Joan remembered now that she had heard somewhere that there was no danger in a thunderstorm when it was raining. The car began to descend again.

'The roads have these dangerous-looking turns and twists, but they are well-balanced roads,' Pommeral said.

Joan did not listen to Pommeral; she listened to the sound of the rain until the storm stopped. 'I suppose it was a good thing, really. Some of the trees seem to be completely burnt on those hills where they get the full force of the sun, but now the land will be able to breathe again. I really think it is getting green as we watch it.'

'And it will get burnt up again as we watch it, too,' Pommeral answered. 'You will see in an hour's time, the sun will be hotter than ever.'

It proved to be as Pommeral had said, and, before they were in sight of Cahors,

they stopped the car and got out. 'It is in suitcase III,' he said.

'What is?' she asked.

'The panama hat'.

'Are you subject to sunstroke?' she asked.

'Everyone is, on a day like this,' he answered.

The panama hat was not in the suitcase marked III, so Pommeral put the case back under the seat and got out the suitcase marked II. After some careful unpacking, packing and more unpacking, he found the panama hat. The second case was put back under the seat; Pommeral got into the front of the car again and they set off.

'What a splendid hat', Joan remarked.

'Do you think so?'

'Yes, it's the sort of hat some very distinguished diplomat might wear on holiday in Monte Carlo.'

'As a matter of fact, Therese got it for me. She bought it in Paris.'

'The distinguished diplomat would have done the same before leaving for Monte Carlo, not that I've ever been in Monte Carlo, of course, nor have I ever met a distinguished diplomat, for that matter.'

'You are with one now.'

'You—Gene—Were you ever a diplomat?'

'Certainly, I was an attaché to an Embassy once. I was *en poste* in Madrid when I first married. Marie rather liked the idea of life in diplomatic circles. I don't think you ever met my wife Marie, did you?'

'No, I never did.'

'It is seven years now since her death. Marriage is one of those things that one expects to go on for ever, doesn't one?'

'I don't know—nowadays there is divorce.'

'I am a Catholic,' he answered. 'So for me there is no divorce. Would you ever think of marrying again?'

'I don't know. I couldn't have imagined it after Johnny died, but now I suppose I might; would you?'

'Perhaps. It would seem a very serious step to me now, although in a way it would be rather like a first marriage. Marie and I were reasonably happy, I suppose. We never quarrelled, but we did not see much of each other. I thought the arranged marriage was all right then; it was all part of the stupid cynical point of view we had in those days, but now I think it was all wrong. Not really a good thing for either of us and certainly not a good thing for the children.'

'Where are they now?'

'Who?'

'The children'.

'The girl, Henriette, died in Rome on her fifth birthday and the boy, Antonio, is in America.'

'How old is Antonio?'

'He is almost grown-up,' Pommeral answered. 'I sometimes think I should like to marry someone rather younger than myself, but I daresay that is all foolishness. I don't know whether I could make anyone happy.'

'I don't see why not . . . I say, what a wonderful bridge that is there.'

'Yes, le Pont Valentré; we are just coming into Cahors; I suggest we go to a café for a drink and to look at the people and to buy some *cartes postales* and to study the map and decide on our future route.'

* * *

Joan sat at the café while Pommeral chose his postcards. He had left his panama hat on the table beside her. She thought it a rather distinguished hat because most of the men at the café were wearing ordinary black berets. The women's heads were covered with scarves or brightly-coloured handkerchiefs, yet all complained of the fierce heat of the sun. 'How odd it is,' Joan thought, 'that they should have this bright sunshine every year and every year they should complain about it, while we, who do not have it in England, are only too ready to enjoy it.'

The man at the next table was writing a letter. 'I am almost sure he is an Englishman,' Joan thought, 'because he does not wear a hat of any kind, avoids sitting in the shade and because he has bought some lottery tickets, in the desperate hope that they will help him out of his currency restrictions.' The man stopped writing to look at his two tickets and Joan supposed that as he touched each of the six numbers in turn with this thumb, he was adding the units together. 'I dare say he believes that if the numbers add up in this way to three or

nine or even six, he will have a better chance of winning.' The man put the tickets back in his wallet, finished his letter, sealed up the envelope, walked across the wide street to the little blue post-box opposite and dropped the letter in. His movements were quick and decisive; he walked on and was lost to sight. Pommeral was still slowly turning the postcard stand round. 'How pleasant it was here in Cahors, the hot sun, the crowded café, the leisurely afternoon.' She ordered a second café filtre and idly dropped two large squares of sugar into it.

Pommeral came back.

'So you found the postcards you want?' she asked politely.

'Not yet,' he answered. 'I have come back to fetch my panama. It's a real scorcher to-day, isn't it? I want a view of the bridge from the other side; I think there is a better place for *cartes postales* over there.' He moved away again and she could see him further down the street, now turning another postcard stand slowly round and round.

The people at the next table went away and others came to take their places—two women, a little boy with his hair *en brosse*, and two men, one wearing a Sloppy Joe shirt of a pale blue colour and a white peaked cap, which ill-suited his muscular shoulders and thick, springy hair. He had a dog on a lead, a terrible black, sleek-coated hound with pointed ears. The little boy was clearly impressed with the dog—its size, its sharp ears and appearance of fearsomeness. 'What do you give him to eat, Uncle Lucien?' the boy asked. 'I give him *Le Journal*,' the blue-shirted man said. 'In the evening I give him *Le Soir* and in the morning I give him *Le Matin*.' One of the women, fanning her face with a folded copy of the local paper, laughed on a high note. 'Would he care to eat a bit of *Le Sud Ouest* now?' the boy asked in a courteous tone.

* * *

Pommeral came back, carrying postcards, a writing pad, a Biro pen and two Michelin maps. He put them all down on the table. 'We shall soon be going into the Tarn-et-Garonne department,' he said. 'Right off our present map, so I have bought the next one. I must write to Therese and send her some postcards. She likes to hear every day but also it makes a record of my trip.' He smiled. 'As a matter of fact, I am thinking of writing a book about this part of France.'

'Have you written much before?'

'Oh no, but I feel that very few people know this part of France as well as they would like and, when they have read my book, they will know it better.'

'Will the book be in French or English?'

'Both,' Pommeral answered. 'I write to Therese in both. I always buy these air mail envelopes and paper, you know, one can write much more without having to pay any extra postage.'

The two men, the women, the little boy and the dog had left their table now. The heat of the sun was not so intense. Joan had drunk five café filtres and Pommeral was still writing to Therese. 'I wonder where the post-box is?' he said.

'It's there,' she answered. 'The little blue box across the street.'

'I'll go and post my letter,' he said, 'and then I'll buy some fruit or something. We might feel hungry en route to the next place.'

'I think I'll go and have a look at the Pont Valentré,' she said.

'Do, by all means,' he answered, in some surprise. 'Will you meet me here, then?'

'Yes, back here in a quarter of an hour.'

She returned in twenty minutes. The waiter greeted her as an old friend. After ten minutes Pommeral came by, his arms full of parcels. 'I'll just put these in the car,' he said.

'Fine,' she answered. She had expected that he would drive the car round to pick her up but when he did not do so she walked across to the side street where he had left the car. She found him arranging the parcels carefully on one of the back seats. 'I had to move a couple of suitcases,' he said. 'We don't want the picnic basket crushed.'

'No, of course we don't want that.'

As they drove out of Cahors he said: 'I thought you might like to see Moissac. It's a bit out of our way, but there is an interesting church door there, a very famous one, but I doubt if we'll reach it this evening. As a matter of fact, I think it

might be rather amusing to sleep out in the open, *en camping*, this evening.'

'That would be great fun,' she answered. 'Much better than staying in an hotel.'

'Yes, I think so too.'

'You know, we used to camp at Charlotte's château sometimes, my cousin Helen and I on our holidays from school.' She sighed. 'It was all in those far-distant days, when you were enjoying your dashing life in Paris, with actresses committing suicide like anything.'

'Naturally nothing of the kind ever happened to me and, anyhow, I must have been in America then.'

'We used to camp in that great field of Charlotte's,' Joan went on. 'I expect Tante Charlotte was glad enough to get us out of the house and it gave us something to do, organising the equipment and cooking over a camp fire and that sort of thing. You know, Gene, it was quite hard work really but we always considered it a tremendous treat. We used to say, Helen and I, that one of the depressing things about adults was that they so seldom slept out of doors.'

'But they do,' Pommeral answered. 'They sleep out of doors very often now. To travel *en camping* is considered very chic now, with all these currency restrictions. In America, of course, there are thousands of people who don't live any other way any more. They simply travel about all the year with trailers fixed to their cars, what they call "portable homes".'

' "Portable homes?" That might be a bit more than one would bargain for as a life style.'

'Yes, maybe it is, but we used to camp out in the States sometimes ourselves, when we were on holiday, you know.'

'I suppose you are really very efficient at all that sort of thing, lighting fires, cooking in a billy-can over a camp-fire and so on.'

'I am not bad at all.'

They drove into Monpezat, and stopped at a café. 'Would you like some peaches?' Pommeral said. 'I bought them in Cahors while you were looking at the Pont Valentré.'

'So that was why he had taken such a long time—he had been buying more fruit for her.'

'I had to go to three shops before I could find the best ones,' he said.

'How different from poor Johnny; he wouldn't have bought any fruit at all and then, suddenly, he would have said, 'I wish we could get something to eat, fruit or something. Do you think we can get something in this next place?' Of course Johnny would have got the fruit then, but always at the last minute.'

'Would you like to stroll along and see the main part of the town?' Pommeral asked. 'It is through that archway there. As a matter of fact, it is rather an unexpected place. First there's a little street with shops on either side and then we come to a courtyard and on down the hill there is the church.'

It was just as Pommeral had said.

'I should like to come back here one day,' Joan told him.

'Perhaps we shall,' he answered. 'Perhaps we shall see it again together.' He had spent a long time looking at the church, and now he stopped again looking for postcards.

After they had been driving for an hour from Monpezat, Pommeral said that it was getting colder and he would put on a pullover; he stopped the car, found a torchlight, took out two suitcases and then unpacked a parcel, folding up the paper and the string neatly, then he opened a third suitcase and put the paper and string away in it.

'Why do you do that?' Joan asked.

'Why do I do what?'

'Well, I mean, you've got your pullover out of the parcel now, why do you trouble to keep the paper and string?'

'Do you want me to throw it on the ground, like an untidy tripper?—what a little savage you are, Joan.'

The drove on for another half hour and then Pommeral said, 'Night falls very suddenly in this district, we must find our camping site soon.'

'What about this turning here?—the road follows the river. We can sleep in the vineyard opposite.'

'Pommeral backed his car on to the grass. Joan moved nearer the river. She stepped down on to a plateau of ground at the water's edge. 'A pity we can't swim,' she said, 'but I suppose it's too late.'

'It's never safe to swim when no one else

is swimming,' he answered. 'There may be strong currents here and it might also be difficult to get on to the bank again. As you see, it is all rather overhung and by the time you reached this little plateau of ground you would be exhausted.'

'But you would jump in and save me, I hope?'

He smiled. 'Oh yes, I think I'd do that. But we don't want to put it to the test unnecessarily. I am quite a strong swimmer myself but I wouldn't risk swimming here for choice.'

Pommeral began to unpack the equipment.

'Shall I help?' she asked.

'If you could just hold the torchlight so that I can find all the things we need.' Slowly he got out a great bundle of bedding; slowly he walked across the road with it and then a long wait. 'What was he doing over there in the vineyard?—putting everything down in order, acting according to a pattern. It was impossible to wait so long.' She rested the torch on the back of one of the car seats and then she went down to the river's edge again and looked at the water, at the lights of the village and at the barge stationed near it. She heard Pommeral moving back and forth with his bundles of bedding; she heard him opening and shutting suitcases, then she heard him moving about on the other side of the hedge, the snapping of twigs as he trod on them, the rustling of the bamboo sticks as his shoulder brushed against them. 'It's like a herd af animals moving about,' she thought. 'Those buffaloes going down to the water to drink that Johnny told me about. But even though they might make more noise, they wouldn't take such a long time.'

He was back locking the car now. 'When do we light the fire?' she asked.

'Oh, that's for the morning, to get the hot water for washing and so on. We'll have our picnic supper by the car, some sandwiches, cheese, fruit, and hot coffee and then we'll turn in.'

'Turn in,' she thought. 'I expect he's very proud of that expression—considers himself quite the lumber-jack, no doubt.'

As Joan was drinking her coffee, her thoughts travelled back to the beginning of the journey, the clandestine departure from the château, the picnic lunch in the beautiful landscape of poplar trees, the gentle stream going down to the river, the weeping willows, the love-making, the thunderstorm, the return of the sunshine, and the café at Cahors, with Pommeral writing to Therese, so slowly that one would suppose he was drawing—well, that was all one day and yet it seemed like weeks.

'I really feel as if I had known you for years, Gene.'

'That's very flattering, my dear Joan. I'll just go and supervise the camp.'

Joan undressed by the car.

'I say, this Dunlopillo, or whatever they call it, is as good as a real mattress!' Pommeral called out.

'I don't think we ought to make so much noise,' she said. 'Supposing the owner of the vineyard hears us.'

Pommeral did not answer. 'No doubt he thinks it governessy of me to shut him up like that.' She tripped across the road in her pyjamas and long coat. 'I feel a fool—like a character in a film or, worse still, in a French farce.'

When she lay down beside Pommeral, she saw that, as well as the mattress, he also had an inflated pillow; he was looking straight up at the sky. 'Even handsome men look ridiculous when they stare upwards from the ground, the pointed nose, the white face and the shut eyes, looking like dark holes in a cheese.' She thought that, perhaps tired with the long drive, he had already fallen asleep, but he searched for her hand. 'Ah, Joan,' he said. 'Only you and I and the night.' A car went by, its bright headlights lighting up their sleeping-place as if it had been looking for them. 'It's all right, it's not a main road,' he whispered.

'The car's stopped now,' she said. 'I can't hear it any more.'

'Don't be silly,' he said. 'There's a bend in the road there and the hill hides the sound.'

'I thought perhaps it might be the owner of the vineyard.' She felt suddenly guilty and afraid. 'We have no real right to be here.' But she heard the sound of the car again now, travelling onwards. Pommeral did not answer her; he still held her hand but she knew that he had fallen asleep.

'It's as if we were married already,' she thought. 'It's as if we were in our own home, hands across the twin beds.'

She was aware now of how much trouble he had taken to ensure a comfortable sleep for himself, the inflated pillow, the Dunlop mattress, the warm blankets. She remembered she had read somewhere that more cold came from the ground itself than above it. 'That must be why Pommeral has taken so much trouble to put so many blankets under his mattress. But I have no blankets at all under mine.' She picked up her mattress and moved it to the other side of Pommeral; he slept on, she took a blanket off his shoulders and put it under her mattress; he still slept on. 'Such contented sleeping must come from conceit,' she thought.

When she woke, the sun was shining.

'How well you slept, my darling,' Pommeral said, from his mattress bed.

'Let's go over to the car and light the fire,' she said.

Pommeral did not answer.

'Let's light the fire and have some breakfast,' she said. Still he did not answer.

Joan gathered her blankets around her and got up. 'I'm afraid if we stay here, the farmer might turn up.'

'What?' Pommeral said.

'The owner of this land might not be pleased to see us sleeping on it.' She turned to look at Pommeral; he raised his head and, seeing her expression of horror, he asked: 'Anything wrong?'

She had already begun to walk towards the road. 'Your hair-net,' she said. 'Do you always wear a hair-net at night?' she said.

'Of course,' he answered. 'Most Continental men do.' He smiled and took the hair-net off, smoothing his hair down with his hands. 'I hate untidiness and disorder; still I'm glad you've never seen a man wearing a hair-net before. It shows you have not had much experience with Continental men.'

'He talks with an intolerable coyness,'she thought. 'How was it that I never noticed that at the château?' She walked to the car, then she gathered some sticks and put them in a pile by the river ready for the fire.

When Pommeral came down to the water's edge, he was wearing his grey flannel trousers and his shirt was open at the neck. He looked doubtfully at the heap of sticks, then he got a newspaper out of the car and crumpled it up. He built some twigs and some pieces of bark into a kind of card-house over it, then he selected one or two of the sticks, looking at them with great intensity before arranging them over and around the structure. Joan watched with clenched hands, 'If the whole thing falls down, I suppose he will start again and I shall have to watch this once more.'

'It will only need one match.' He held up the matchbox, like a conjurer demonstrating the props he was planning to use for an elaborate trick. 'One match only'. He struck it against the box and then applied it to the right edge of the paper, then to the left and finally in the centre. The twigs caught alight; the bark began to burn and the wood to crackle.

Joan laughed. 'It really is going.'

'Of course'.

'Well done, Gene'.

'You are easily pleased,' he said.

'I don't know about easily,' she thought. 'It would have been so terrible if the fire had failed; slowly, slowly, he would have taken it all to pieces again and more slowly still it would have been built up again—the paper, the twigs, the bits of bark, and the bigger bits of wood.'

'I must say it is a splendid fire,' she said.

'Would you mind sitting on this side?' he said. 'My right side.'

'No, I don't mind,' she answered, moving, 'but why?'

'I can always hear much better on the right,' he said.

'Poor Gene'.

'Oh, I'm not deaf,' he answered sharply. 'It's just that I can hear much better on the right.'

'That explains a lot,' she thought. 'I moved during the night to Pommeral's left, taking my blankets with me, and in the morning, whatever I said, he never answered a word.'

A barge was moving slowly down the river and on its bows the name was painted in white, *Prince Eugene.*

'It really is a wonderful fire,' she said aloud. 'I congratulate you on it.'

'Yes, I think it'll go all right now.' He turned his head away from the fire and

looked towards the river. 'Oh, there's a boat called the *Prince Eugene*. That's a good omen for us.'

'Yes,' she answered dully. 'Yes, isn't it?'

Pommeral heated the water in a basin over the fire; he took a long time to wash and a long time to shave. Joan had moved back to the higher ground by the car. 'I say,' she shouted down at him, 'I think I'll have some breakfast now.' She hoped she was not talking to his deaf ear again. 'You don't mind if I eat some fruit or something now, do you?'

'Not in the least,' he answered. 'I'll have some hot coffee ready for you soon—I'm shaving now.'

'Still?' she called back.

'Still what?'

'Still shaving,' she said.

'There's no reason why I shouldn't be properly shaved, even if we are nomads, is there?'

'No reason at all and no reason why you should take two hours over it, even if we are nomads.' But he did not reply and she thought 'Either it's that deafness again, or else it's his capacity for intense concentration on useless detail.'

* * *

Joan lay on a heap of blankets beside the car; she looked out at the river. From here she could see only the top of Pommeral's head, and as she watched him, she thought of an old woman she had seen sitting in the doorway of a house—an old woman, knitting and nodding—nodding—knitting. But, after all, Eugene Pommeral was not an old crone, knitting into the autumn of her days, and a man could not go on shaving for ever.

He came and sat beside her. 'That coffee must be cold; I can reheat it on the fire for you.'

'Oh no, really, I like it like this,' she answered.

'How beautiful it is here,' Joan thought. 'The morning sun, the calm river. How fortunate I am to be here at all. Many people would envy me; in fact, very few have the chance of so much happiness, even the man in the barge, going down the river now, has to get up early and work late, and dredging a river is work which is tiring, monotonous and dirty; he is probably underpaid and has a nagging wife waiting for him at home. He has very little lesiure, and he would give a great deal to be able to sit on the bank of the river with some companion of his own choosing. Of course, camping is always uncomfortable; I have heard people complain about camping before now; it seems that it is very seldom a success even for those who have a great liking for the outdoor life. I hope poor Pommeral is not made unhappy by my ill-temper. It was funny I never noticed the hair-net that second night at the château, but of course he wouldn't have worn it then; the hair-net is for long nights of sleep. But perhaps I owe Gene some sort of explanation for my mood. I shall tell him, truthfully, that I do not think camping can ever be an ideal way to spend an evening, because of the distracting manner in which the moon shines down, with too bright a light, and soon it becomes cold and then one is aware of all the animals which surround one, watching, waiting. The timidity of their day-time life has left them and they have a new night strength; they see better, they move faster—and even if the wild rabbits, the weasels, the badgers and the foxes can be put out of mind, there is still the persistent thought of the hard earth getting colder, and the night becoming darker as the moon goes down.'

'I was just thinking——' Pommeral said aloud.

'Oh, I'm sure you were thinking about camping, and wondering if it is a good thing,' she said.

'Yes, exactly, I was just thinking how splendid it is that camping has caught on. Not that I am influenced by fashions myself, but camping is the one craze that seems sensible. It must be very good for one to sleep out in the open and of course it does save a lot of money which would otherwise be spent—and I must say uselessly spent—on hotels and with no real comfort.'

'Oh, do you think so?' Joan answered. 'I believe one needs a special kind of temperament for camping.' Surely he would see she did not enjoy the evening on the rough ground, with the contented sleeper breathing so hardly and happily beside her. 'He will understand that it is not my style at all and we shall have no

more nights in the open, no more stolen hours in other men's vineyards.'

'Yes, that's right,' Pommeral said. 'One needs a special kind of temperament for camping and I think I can honestly say that I have that temperament. When I was a boy, we went to Canada one year, all of us, my father, my mother and I; I never expected to have such an agreeable holiday in a log-cabin, but I did. We used to fish in a wonderful wide river and cook the fish on the camp fire, for breakfast.'

'He never expected to find so much happiness in a log-cabin,' Joan thought. 'How ridiculous it sounds, he's talking about his boyhood now, I don't want to hear about it for he's talking about a time before I was born.' She began to count the days to the end of their trip. 'I know he said he thought that we could reach Albi comfortably by Friday evening. To-day is Wednesday. That will be two more nights on the journey; perhaps if we journeyed uncomfortably, for I am sure it will be uncomfortable in any case, we could reach Albi by Thursday evening. We had arranged to stay there for the week-end and I had decided to return to London after this because Therese, his dear old housekeeper who keeps on receiving these long letters from him on thin air mail paper, is coming to Albi for her holiday. Ah, Thursday till Monday, that will be a long week-end indeed, but perhaps I can leave on Sunday evening, or better still on Sunday morning, if there are no good evening trains.'

* * *

'I am longing to see Albi,' she said, breaking into Pommeral's reminiscences. 'What is it like?'

'Albi? It is a beautiful red-brick city, the buildings are all of this warm red brick. They have so much sun on them, you know, and of course there is a cathedral there, a very famous one—L'Eglise de St. Cecile, I look forward to showing it to you very much.'

'L'Eglise de St. Cecile, that's the cathedral built with money extorted from the Albigensians for ransom, isn't it?'

'I am a Catholic,' he answered coldly.

'I don't see that your being a Catholic alters an historical fact,' she said. 'I've always been told that L'Eglise de St. Cecile was built with money extorted, stolen or confiscated from the Albigensians.'

'They were heretics.'

Joan was about to answer 'Heretics is only an out-of-date word for people who do not agree with you.' But as she thought of his last two sentences 'I am a Catholic'—and 'They were heretics', she thought 'Of course he is a Catholic, and I am a heretic, so we could never marry—well, that's one problem solved.' She toned down her answer, contenting herself with saying 'Sometimes I think you are rather old-fashioned, Gene.'

A dull flush of anger coloured his neck. The lobes of his ears seemed to receive the shock last for they stayed pink a long time so that he looked like a china hobgoblin lamp she had once seen, with the light shining through the monster's porcelain ears.

'Absurd,' he said. 'How can I be old-fashioned?' He began to pack the picnic basket.

'I must not do anything to destroy his self-confidence,' she thought. 'No, at all costs, I mustn't do anything to upset him, for that will slow up the whole trip, and then we shall never get to Albi.'

'Oh well, perhaps I'm old-fashioned then.' she said. But Pommeral did not hear her; he was completely absorbed in the preparations for departure. How slowly he packed the picnic basket! He went back to the plateau by the river to get more water and it had to be boiled again so that the plates could be washed and each one dried and wrapped in newspaper and then the same thing with the knives and forks, then more packing of the picnic basket, the fruit in one place, the sandwiches in a tin, some cold meat in a slightly flatter tin—it was a programme planned, a route mapped out. From time to time he said, 'Now we shan't be long.' Joan was puzzled at first, then she realised it was a catch phrase he must have learnt in the 1914 war.

The towel which he had tied round his neck while he had been shaving was now hanging on the open door of the car. He was taking his razor to pieces now but Joan felt that they would not be progressing until the towel was back in the suitcase. 'He would put it on top and then he would

shut the case, but until then, I am sure, he will go on finding more things to do.

'There is only one way to tolerate this interminable pottering,' she thought. 'I must try to accept it like the throbbing pain of an aching tooth—he smoothes the blanket in the back of the car, rests the mattress on top of it—the picnic basket is put in now on the side seat, but oh, so slowly, and next the basin is wrapped in two thicknesses of newspaper. He takes his jacket out of the car, and is about to put it on——'

'Damn,' he said, 'I've got some mud on this jacket.'

'What a shame!' she said politely.

'Oh, that's all right,' he told her. 'I've got some cleaning stuff. Therese packed it for me. I think it's in the suitcase marked II.' He rummaged in the car—the mattress came out again, the blanket, the Moroccan rug, and then the suitcase. He opened it. 'Perhaps it is in suitcase III.' In a little while he said, 'Yes, it is here.' He held the cleaning liquid up to the light as if it was a bottle of wine and then he returned to the car to get out another case.

'What are you doing now?' she asked in exasperation.

'I am looking for the cleaning rag,' he said, 'it is in my little grey valise.'

The barge was coming back up the river —her name, the *Prince Eugene*, could not be seen now. A young man in blue overalls was standing on the deck. The sound of a gay little tune came to Joan from across the water.

'What are you waving at?' Pommeral asked.

'The man on the barge playing the concertina,' she said.

'*Tous ce qu'il y a de plus folk-lorique*, no doubt,' he returned to his slow packing and unpacking. He had the cleaning rag now and began to rub his jacket and then he got out a clothes brush and brushed it.

'It looks as if it might be rather fun on that barge, don't you think?' she remarked.

'You'd find it boring; they move very slowly, you know.'

'When are you going to pack the towel?' she asked.

'I can't put it back amongst my things while it is still wet.' He was getting out the writing pad now. 'I thought I'd write a letter to Therese. By the time I've done that, the towel will be dry and I shall be able to pack it.'

'It will be dry as a bone by then.' She was talking at his deaf ear now. She walked round to the other side. 'I'll just stroll to the top of the hill,' she said 'and look at the landscape.'

'All right, don't be long. We must start off on schedule—a woman will always keep one waiting; that's the trouble with women, they have no sense of the passing of time.' ('But for me,' she thought 'the passing of time has been like a terrible toothache.')

From the top of the hill she saw the towel fluttering like a white flag from the door of the car, and then, as she watched, it was taken down. She began at once to walk back down the hill at a good speed. She found Pommeral sitting on the step of the car writing in an exercise-book. 'Notes for your book on Perigord?' she asked.

'No,' he answered. 'A record of the mileage and the petrol we've used.' He held the book up. 'These are the most excellent little *cahiers*; one can always get them cheaply at the time of the *rentrée des classes*.' He packed the exercise-book in his suitcase and took out another notebook.

'What now?' she asked.

'My stamp book,' he said. 'I must enter the date of my letter to Therese and the amount of the stamp which I have put on it.'

Ten minutes later they were on the road to Moissac.

'I am looking forward to seeing Moissac,' she said.

'Of course, it means going a bit out of our way, but I think it will be worth it.'

'When shall we get to Albi?' she asked.

'Friday, if we take things quietly; Thursday if we hurry.'

'I rather like driving fast on holiday.'

'I thought you said you liked driving slowly.'

'I can't have been thinking of what I was saying.'

There was the early lunch at Moissac, followed by the long visit to the church, the notes taken on the famous doorway and then the photographs of the doorway, from the right and from the left, the allegorical

figures of Lust and Avarice, the figures of the domestic and the wild animals and the saints in heaven and the devils in hell.

'You know, Gene,' she said, 'they have a very good guidebook here. It has excellent photographs of all the figures you have just taken.'

'Ah, but that wouldn't be the same.'

'No, of course not—there would be at least two hours' difference,' she thought, but she did not say anything aloud and they entered the church itself. After he had genuflected and crossed himself with Holy Water, Pommeral made his way to the pews; he turned them up and down so that the church echoed with the irreverent bangs; then he made some notes on the wood sculptures. He walked twice round the interior of the church and made more notes and then there was the long hour at the café outside, where Pommeral composed a second letter to Therese. 'He takes longer, he writes smaller, he sends more details than ever,' she thought. But because she could not speak her thoughts aloud, she began to write them on the back of an envelope and then to read what she had written to herself. 'Why the hell doesn't old Apple send Therese the guidebook on Moissac and let her read it for herself in good sound print which she would be able to see?' Pommeral looked up and smiled at her. 'Ah, I see you're also acquiring the note-taking habit?'

'Yes, I suppose in a way I am,' she answered.

She watched Pommeral go over to the newspaper shop opposite. Soon he was turning the postcard stand round again, choosing postcards, paying for postcards, counting his change, putting the postcards away, in a large envelope, and checking and double-checking them before listing them on the outside of the envelope. Then he would select one for Therese and cancel it on the list—back to the car, the slow unlocking of the door and the careful search for the notebook, the stamping of Therese's letter and the entering in the book the date and time of the posting. When Pommeral returned to the café, Joan remarked, as if thoughtfully: 'I suppose if we didn't have to take down all this data, we should get there just the same, shouldn't we?'

'I daresay we should, but it would be a slovenly way of doing things.' He shut the notebook with a snapping sound and put a rubber band round it. 'I must do the shopping for this evening's picnic,' he said in a brusque efficient tone.

'Oh yes, do. You're always so clever at choosing food. I'll never forget those wonderful peaches on the road from Cahors. I think I'll just go down to the *tabac* now.'

'The *tabac*? But we have cigarettes in the car.'

'I know, but I feel I should like some English cigarettes.'

'You won't find any at any *tabac* in this town.'

'Perhaps not, but I can always try, they might have an odd packet or two.' She began walking away from him as she spoke. 'I'll meet you back here at about half-past,' she called back over her shoulder, and then quickened her step so that she was soon out of earshot and he could not answer without running to catch her up.

She returned within the hour, but he was not there. 'Ah, well, it takes time to pinch the pears, to price the peaches and to complain that the grapes are too small.' She sat on at the café alone thinking 'What a lot of coffee I've had to drink on this trip; for all the rest of my life now the drinking of coffee will suggest slowness, waiting and an exercise in patience; no, I don't think I'll ever be able to drink it again without being reminded of these three sad things, slowness, waiting and exercising patience.'

Pommeral came down the street, his arms full of parcels; he smiled at her and made his way over to the car. She could not watch the process of unlocking, of the careful packing of the parcels inside the car but at last it was done. He came over and sat beside her.

'Well, my dear, did you find any gaspers?'

'Gaspers?'

'Yes, gaspers, English for Virginian cigarettes'.

Joan remembered now that he had a great liking for rather old-fashioned English slang. 'No, you were right,' she said. 'There were only Gauloises—no gaspers but I bought something much more valuable—a ticket in the National Lottery.'

'What a child you are!' he said. 'Do you really expect to win?'

'Well, normally I would not, but this time I have a presentiment that I shall. Imagine, my dear, it was a last ticket; in fact, it was more than the last, for the *tirage* is to-night, but the man of the *tabac* had two tickets of his own, and his wife wanted him to have only one, so he sold me his extra ticket. So, you see, I'm not taking just an ordinary chance. I really believe that ticket was waiting there specially for me.' Joan did not really believe that the ticket had any particular significance, but it seemed to her now that any subject of conversation that kept Pommeral away from packing and unpacking the car and jotting down notes in the stamp-book, or the idiotic exercise-book, was a subject of value to her. She was surprised, however, to see that Pommeral was exceedingly impressed by what she had told him about the lottery ticket. She had not supposed that he would be so superstitious and she realised now that he would always be more ready to be influenced by a presentiment than by an established fact.

'Oh, well, if you win,' he said, 'you can pay for this trip for a start.' He had spoken aloud thoughts that should have been concealed in silence and now he had the embarrassed and appalled look of a man who has just belched in polite society. 'Naturally, only if you win *le gros lot*,' he added hastily. 'And anyhow, I only say this, my dear Joan, because I know that you will not win.'

'We shall see,' she said. 'I might.' And as if he had already suggested they should go, she walked quickly towards the car. 'I have already paid for my café in anticipation of winning *le gros lot*.' She was at the car door and now there was no alternative for Pommeral but to follow her.

'Ah, the terrible night in the vineyard,' Joan thought. 'There was no sleep or peace there but it is restful sitting here in the car watching the landscape go by.'

When Joan woke up, the car was going quite slowly, and it was already dusk. 'I have been asleep,' she said.

'That's the best thing about this open-air life. One sleeps well, eats well, and indeed it is a good life.'

'Gene, this landscape seems very much like the one we saw yesterday. I have the impression that we are not progressing and that we are in fact going backwards.'

'Not at all, although it is true to say that we have had to come back on our tracks a little way. That was because we wanted to see Moissac. We are en route for St. Antonin now but there is a little *auberge* near here. We can have a drink and decide on our camping site for this evening.'

To be concluded

February 23, 1952

The wedding today of Lois Richard
Who used to walk with me holding my arm.
Between us the mountains of rain
And between us the growing older.
The shops at Savin Rock
Where we bought love-charms
Have closed six winters since we walked there.
Six times the iris in your garden
And six times the withered stalks.
I have crossed the ocean
And I have a girl who is tall and light-haired.
Today you are dressed in white
And walk in a church to music.

DONALD HALL

2

One for John

MILO CRIPPS

'ONE for John . . . one for Michael . . . four and six . . . four and six . . . four for John . . . and . . . and . . . seven for Michael . . . five . . . five . . . five for John . . . and none for Michael; that's seven for Michael and five for John . . . six . . . six for John . . .'

The wind spiltered browning leaves against Mrs. Anderson's sitting-room window. Elvira rushed her head to where most likely they would strike the pane; if she caught them, she kissed them, otherwise she clucked, checking over and remembering the different numbers scored, the first for John and the next for Michael.

'Elvira'.

She lifted her apron and in haste scrubbed off the wet imprint of her lips in as many places as she could before turning round. She ruefully noted that pieces of fabric adhered to the glass; it was no better.

'Elvira, come here.'

Quickly before Mrs. Anderson looked. Quickly she did it again, this time with her skirt, collecting the bits off the cheap apron. 'Six and seven . . . six and . . . and . . . eight for Michael and six for John . . . now . . .'

'Elvira, I said come here.'

She pattered over and stood at attention.

'Elvira, you really must be faster to come. You see when I call you, you should come; now you do understand that, don't you?'

It was not, thought Elvira, a difficult thing to understand, and she went on being mute. Mrs. Anderson would say that she was getting a big girl, and that big girls behaved differently somehow to small girls and that she must not be different from all the other girls of her age. Mrs. Anderson always said that, in her cold, tinsel voice. 'You are seventeen and there will be soon new problems which you must face . . .'

'Seventeen and a half, Madam'.

These new problems were always there and Elvira wondered over the depth they must have, because Mrs. Anderson was always seeing them and Elvira noticed nothing over which to worry.

She had always thought that it was love; that love was new problems or difficulties of your age or the new things you will have to deal with or the things you will soon have to understand; on the films it often was; all these words to talk about love because somehow the film had to last so long and that was the way those people talked, always great long sentences. But then Mrs. Anderson had definitely said that it wasn't love.

'Is it love, Madam, because if it is . . . ?'

'Of course it isn't, Elvira, and anyway you don't know anything about love, now do you?'

It was really better that it was not love, Elvira decided. In a great pink ball-gown she glided down the marble steps waving a great fan and twinkling with diamonds. 'John's so handsome and Michael's so clever. John's a dark one but Michael's fair.' She was curious.

'About these problems, Madam?'

'Yes, Elvira?'

'Well, what problems, Madam?'

'It is difficult, really,' said Mrs. Anderson. She lifted the flesh of the peach into her mouth—an Italian peach; the yellow and red and minutely glabrous skin of it lay mussy on her plate. The fibres surrounding the kernel were like the shreds of sponge, some of these, too, she had pecked off. 'Because it is to do with your new reactions and new emotions, if you understand me, Elvira, although there is no particular reason why you should; you know how a calf is suckled and looked after by its mother and then suddenly may be taken away from her and has to fend for itself, and then it discovers for itself all about how to get food and how to live. Well, you see, it's the same with us, with you and me, with human beings. There comes a time when we, too, must begin to live for ourselves and no longer rely on the advice and care of others, when we must form our own method of doing things and acquire our own outlook, when we must make decisions . . .'

Decisions . . . decisions . . . decisions . . . John's so handsome but Michael's clever. John's a dark one but Michael's fair. Wandering through the fields in search of buttercups, Elvira noticed all of a sudden that she was not a she-calf and then, on making this right, she half gave up the fancy and once more listened to Mrs. Anderson. Although the udder swished against her legs, she took a last bite and caught the buttercup. Nine for John but eight for Michael. Then again, but seriously this time, she gave up the fancy and listened to Mrs. Anderson.

'It's to do with your private life and the way you dress, you see.'

Elvira saw. For the first time she saw what Mrs. Anderson meant and it made her blush with shame.

'Try not to wear those garish colours.'

Out of Elvira's heart pierced little prongs of malice so that there was a way for the blood to run out and her whole heart became deflated. She cried and sobbed and sniffled. It would never do to tell. That she would not do, no more than be rude to Mrs. Anderson. It's not that her eyes don't see, but her eyes don't see what they oughta. It's not that her eyes don't see, but her eyes don't see what they oughta. Swimming on the melody, her heart began to fill up again, and soon the holes were there no longer.

'I don't wear girlish colours, Madam; at least I try not to because I'm always trying to grow up like you say.'

She did a gest of her hand like a mannequin and saw that Mrs. Anderson smiled in approval.

'May I retire, Madam?'

On receiving permission, she swayed out of the room and shut the door behind her so carefully that it took a full minute. She plodded up to the third floor and made much of the difficulty with heavy breathings and hoping in vain that her heart would thump. From the third she came down to the second again with one foot hopping down the stairs and the other drawled over the banister. Without a long gown, this was the nearest way of coming down the stairs with grandeur because it was slow and the leg over in the air almost was very graceful.

Michael came out of his room on the second floor to meet her as if he had known that she was there. Hastily she righted her leg and giggled.

'Good afternoon, Mr. Michael'.

'Good afternoon, Miss Elvira; it is jolly nice to see you, and how well your nail

varnish suits you. You must indeed have taken great pains to choose it.'

'I got it at Woolworths.'

'Woolworths own a number of shops and in them you will always find something of interest and value. Shall we retire to my room?' Elvira wanted very much to retire, but because it did not do to show much eagerness, she answered, 'For a few minutes, Mr. Michael; after that I shall have to do Mrs. Anderson's underclothes.'

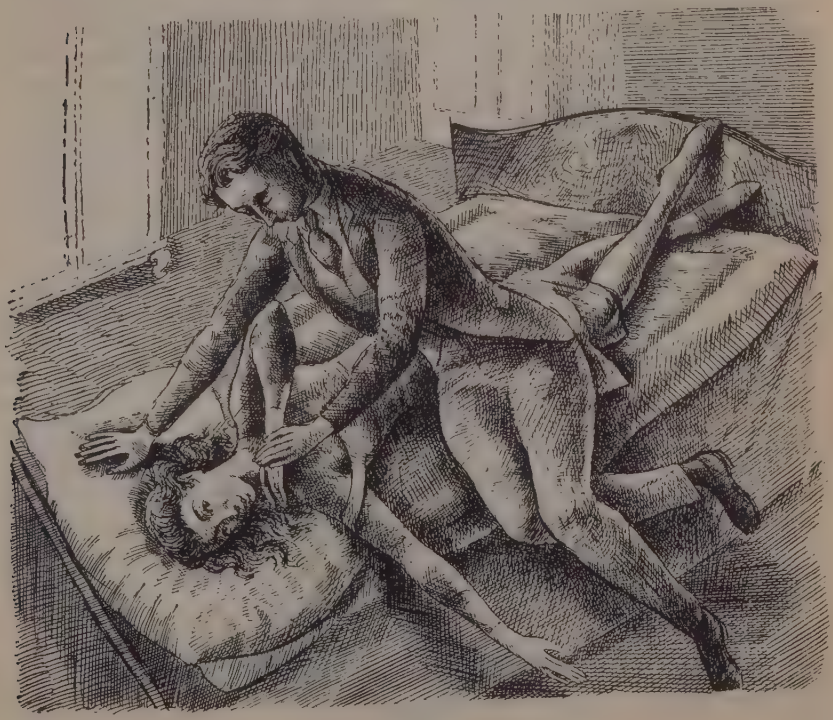
'You must not mention underclothes of ladies in front of gentlemen, but let us now retire, Miss Elvira.' He held open the door for her and then led her to the bed where he stretched her out. Then he kissed her for a few minutes, and Elvira said, 'So is mine,' when he said 'My appreciation for you is great.' Then he attempted to stroke her where it was wrong, and she got up from the bed and walked towards the door.

'I trust we will retire again soon?' he asked.

Elvira said 'Yes, Mr. Michael,' because she knew she would and there was no point in saying she would not and, apart from that, it would not be grown-up at all.

Elvira skipped upstairs and began systematically to arrange Mrs. Anderson's many undergarments in their order of soiledness. It was interesting how Mrs. Anderson should have got a coffee stain on her 'bra' and Elvira began trying to think how it was done. She decided that the coffee must have been very hot and then Mrs. Anderson had bent right over it and blown to cool it. There were seventeen different undergarments, which made nine for John but eight for Michael, and John's last one was cami-knickers, which were funny. She could tell him, although of course she could not tell Michael. Soon she was finished and she went downstairs to see John.

He was sitting in the pantry with a great pile of silver in front of him and some silver polish and rags strewn over the table.



'And how's my little hussy? Give us a kiss.'

Elvira complied, and stroked his grey hair.

'You're a nice piece of fluff and no mistake.' He cuddled her.

'But there isn't any fluff in your hair, Mr. John, so I'll put some there.' She raced round the room, dipping like a sparrow into the corners, and collected some fluff. She blew it on to his hair.

Mr. John looked up and smiled quizzically at her. 'What would the missus say if my hair was full of fluff and I said it all came from a little piece of it hidden somewhere upstairs in the house; now that wouldn't do, would it, Queenie?'

The lady in the home had been called Queenie and Elvira loved her; so did all the others, as she was so gentle and kind. Mr. John had said that he couldn't say Elvira, as it sounded so la-di-da and stuffy, so she had chosen Queenie after her friend. She had written to Queenie about being called Queenie by Mr. John and had got such a nice letter back saying how nice it was to be remembered and appreciated and she hoped that everything was all right, which in any case it was. Queenie always used green ink which was another reason to like her. (Elvira's thumb was still greenish from experimentation.)

'Your last one was cami-knickers.' Elvira pulled a very wide smile to stop herself laughing outright.

Mr. John put a finger to his mouth, as if he was wondering what this meant, but really his mind was too engrossed with the silver to excogitate her meaning, so he said:

'There you go again, nonsense and all sorts.'

'Not liquorice all-sorts, Mr. John.'

She folded into his arms as he kissed her again, but her elbow had got into the p'le of silverware and there was a small clatter as a spoon fell off the table.

'Distracting me from my work with your devilish charms and now doing in the house's silver; you're a proper one, Queenie, you really are.'

'You said it took all sorts to make a world, didn't you, Mr. John?'

'But not liquorice twopenny-fluffeny ragamuffin all-sorts and that's what you are, Queenie-girl.'

'I'm not a ragamuffin.'

'Have you ever eaten muffins?'

Elvira latched on. 'I'm so fly I could fly so high. I'm so high I could fly, so fly, Oh I'm so . . .

'Yes, I've eaten muffins, Mr. John, but I've never wore rags if that's what you mean, Mr. John, so there.'

'Pert as a pink-nosed rabbit, aren't you, Queenie?'

They both laughed that Elvira was a bunny and Mr. John got on with his work on the silver. Elvira dawdled a bit and actually languished once on to the table at the far side, then over she feathered and deposited a mushroom-capped kiss on the end of his nose.

'Now, my girl, work is work and it's got to be done . . . off you go and see Mr. Michael.' Mr. John laughed at this.

'For your information,' said Elvira, who was a little put out, 'Mr. Michael and me have just retired.'

'Just whatted?'

'Retired, Mr. John, r-e-t-i-r-e-d.' Elvira's orthography was entirely considerable.

'And begging your ladyship's pardon, just what might that mean?'

Her explanation was patient as befitted a collocutor with the great unwashed: 'Well, you know what you and me do, except that Mr. Michael calls it retiring like when you go out of a room, only it means going into a room, too, see?' Elvira giggled her victory.

For some seconds the importance of this revelation did not fully sink into Mr. John's head, busy as it was with the silverware.

'Kissing, you mean?'

'Kissing, and a lot more too, I can tell you.'

Through embarrassment Mr. John knew his duty. 'There's no use arguing, Queenie. I shall have to tell Mrs. Claptrap because my duty is my duty and that is all there is to it.'

Elvira suddenly felt fear. She pleaded much, but it was no use, as lugubriously Mr. John got into his livery. Her importunings only hardened his purpose, though she did not know this.

As he slow-marched up the service stairs, she collapsed into an armchair, called spasmodically on her creator, and then

after much vicious pinching almost began a death-dance, flapping her apron way up and wringing her hair, but the jar when her foot stamped on the concrete brought back recollection.

When Mrs. Anderson was informed of the carryings-on, she got on to the telephone and had it all fixed in half an hour. Elvira was told by Mr. John to pack ('you must remember to be kind to her, Perkins') and asked to appear at four o'clock in the sitting-room.

Tears were still welling in her eyes as she entered the room, and saw Mrs. Anderson leaning back from the writing-desk and Mr. Michael lounging on the sofa. He looked sad, and avoided her glance.

Mrs. Anderson began at once.

'You're going to Mrs. Johnson, who is an old friend of mine, and I think that you will be happy there, Elvira. I want you to know that I don't blame you at all for what has happened and have not mentioned the reason why I have terminated your employment to Mrs. Johnson, so you start, as one might say, with a clean slate.'

Mrs. Anderson was playing with an ivy leaf, and even through her confusion Elvira found time to wonder where it had come from, as there was no ivy in the room or any outside that she knew of. 'Now you may find that Mrs. Johnson's household is a little stricter than this one...'

'You wouldn't chuckle,' interrupted Mr. Michael, and Elvira tried to understand the expression, but did not succeed. He smiled at her enquiring look and she liked him again very much.

'But you will remember what I said about finding your own feet and making a place of your very own for yourself in the world, won't you?'

'This great adventure called life,' Mr. Michael interrupted once more.

Elvira savoured the phrase and found a rhyme for it. In this adventure called life a man has to have a wife, she repeated to herself, to all the different tunes she could think of. It made her feel much better and her heart once more began to fill up and she felt warm.

'Like the little calf, Madam,' she said.

'Yes, Elvira, how clever of you, just like the little calf I was telling you about.'

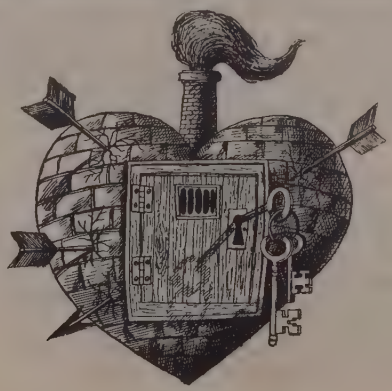
'What price bees and flowers?' asked Mr. Michael. Elvira was aware of the difference of his vocabulary to the one he usually used, but she could think of no reason or anything.

'Here is a week's wages, and now you must go to the bus-stop and get off at Langham Park Gate and then go to 28 Molehill Road, where Mrs. Johnson lives. Shake hands, Elvira, and God bless you, my dear.'

Elvira shook hands with Mrs. Anderson, whose palm was crisp, and then with Mr. Michael, who winked at her and then seemed embarrassed. She had already taken leave of Mr. John, and now, collecting her things, she walked slowly to the bus-stop, repeating to herself: 'In this adventure called life, a man needs a wife.' Later she got on to the 73 airily; it was to take her to the future.

Inside the house Mr. Michael said not unkindly: 'And now I suppose we open a bottle of champagne to celebrate?'

Mrs. Anderson twiddled a chrysanthemum and answered, 'Well, dear, it is rather gratifying to know that you are at last taking an interest in the fair sex.'



Visit to an Island

Jeremy Brooks

(i)

Can you, she asked, take me on a gentler path? he said
There was a slope beside them, they might turn
Up that sweet slope and then . . . and as she fled
On up their path to where bare endings burn
His voice went on flatter, disinterested,
. . . and then we would turn back again and come
Once more along this way we now have come . . .
But she had gone and never wished to turn.

So he went up across the grasses, he,
With about him the air of an early myth or fable,
Understanding you must not question a mystery,
Truth being unmentionable and often most unnoble—
Up that sweet slope, limbs swinging listlessly,
To the body-beckoning ocean and the wide high sky:
He went resignedly towards that ocean and that sky
Thinking they too were part of a secret fable.

Thus it was that he found himself on an island
In the butt-end of a summer when the tired leaves turn
Turtle and hurtle listlessly about the autumn wind,
And in that drowsy tempest he began to yearn
Suddenly for company and it came to his mind
To think hard of one who had once gone onwards, she
With about her an air of instinctive certainty,
Which is only a way of saying she would not turn.

And immediately commotion broke out among the beeches
Where he was waiting for orders with his vacant mind
(For a myth, as we all know, knows only what it teaches
And from youth he had been looking for somewhere to lead the blind.)
Now there was a figure between the boles of those beeches;
Naturally he thought his thinking had conjured her there;
Looking again he saw the girl a stranger, her
Eyes wide as a nun's, and her features kind.

(ii)

'Beautiful he was, as the beginning of something,
As I had expected. Coming from my far place
I had heard, as one does, rumours: of his bright face,
The smouldering of earth in his every pace,
And of words falling, in a different language of course,
From his reluctant lips with such curious force;
Rather than sceptical, I was hopeful, which is worse.
Then I was there, prepared, as always, to sing.

'I took careful note of all that I there observed:
How, as he moved on that beech-covered island,
All birds were silent (which I have sometimes known) and
The grasses behind him autumnal, unable to stand
Upright. And that, in a way, I could understand.
We talked, of course, and he appeared to know
My language; but would not speak it; in his low,
Impersonal speaking voice there seemed to grow
Unquestionable meanings and forces, although
His words meant nothing, as I before observed.

'But his dark beauty was most eloquent, he
Perhaps for Botticelli modelled when
That sainted sad Sebastian was born; no one,
Watching him through the beeches as I watched then,
Could have thought him less than a fiction; some men
Have about them so much of myth that they are able
So to transfigure their setting one is uncomfortable
Suddenly thus to be living in a painted fable:
I was discomfited this way frequently.

'But soon I took his hesitating hand
Into the cleft of my bosom; there was sky
Beating behind his head; thunder; the land
Becoming vertical. Later, my thigh
Like a rose, budding. And the island turned, turning.

(iii)

'Why are the beeches swaying? Save me. Father. Why
Is the grass burning my bare feet and this island
Swaying like a ship in April? Father. Where her high
Head hovers in the branches, see, my hand
Reaches! Must I be disturbed? Save me. Must I
Make a further journey to more new places?
Father, I have had enough of these new places.
Here where I find myself, let my mind lie?'

But too late his beseeching, the place was about him,
Already she was speaking and the island spun.
Now she was the axis of a new world which brought him
Sharply to an ending and the damage was done.
So he gave her welcome in words of false wisdom
And watched while desire grew a flower in her face;
('Father, what is that stupid look on her face?'
'That is her incomprehension, son.')

2

(iv)

'I put her on these grasses
And the island trembles,
I move her to the beeches
And the tired leaves fall.
Father, are you watching,
Is this what you wanted?
Silence stirs the grasses,
No reply at all.

'Are her eyes inviting?
Do my words mean nothing?
From us on this island
Is my mind away?
I touch her gleaming belly,
See the flesh go jumping!
Father, she's inviting
My body here to stay.

'As my hands move on her
Flowers of compassion
Like bombs are exploding
In my empty mind.
Now my flesh, my head reels
In dazed automatism
Yet while I work upon her
I wish that I were blind.

'For this is not my meaning,
Nor this, this searing spasm,
Hot coals on my backbone,
Acid in my veins;
There she is beyond me,
A different, searching woman,
Who knew my asking meaning,
Who wore my bearing reins.

'Now beneath me sweating,
Gasps another person
And what I have given
Will be lost to me.
What is it I'm doing,
Is that what you're asking?
Woman, I am getting
Back security.

(v)

'I am feared that she is dead.
I have her neck turned around.
Of her breath there is no sound.
No blood flushes her still head.
This is my baptismal wound.
What of her was soul is fled.
I am feared I made her dead.

'And you warned me of this wound.
Father, Father, only say
Will all warnings thus betray?
Listen! Listen? Not a sound,
No answer nor no life today
Stirs the silence us around.
I have lost what I had found.

'But while she would with me play
I could not possess her, so
What for her but she must go
Save what in my hands can lay?
She would hold me here, although
I was not prepared to stay.
Father, Father, must I pray?

'So her neck I twisted, though
It was curious to see
How she was surprised at me—
Almost I had let her go
But the sudden struggle she
Made for life was like a blow
At my chance of freedom, so

'Then my grip I tightened. The
Time she took to die was more
Than I had provided for
And took too much out of me.
Father, Father, I was sore
In my soul when suddenly
Death set nothing mortal free.

'Death set nothing mortal free!

'Now the beauty that she wore
With her chastity is fled.
No use have I for this head.
Father, onto my wound pour
Salt, and say you warned me dead
Humans are not human, for
I am no man any more.'

2

(vi)

'Well, what he achieved defeats me. You must understand
I address you from the other side of dying, where
A sense of suffocation fills the air
And everything, like my words, is flat and bare.
O, there are words I could use—! But in this place
To express an emotion is to achieve disgrace,
To be condemned to continue, which I could not face
Knowing men not immortal, and their race
A mistake. For I am dead you must understand.

'And it is true, as I have since been accused
That my intention was to provoke his lust, I
Resented his fireless glances, those fists of dust he
Dropped like a day-dream over me; I trust I
Only behaved as a normal woman should? What laws
Forbid the procreations of gods? What stupid laws
Reserve men's best emotions for world wars
And the base rivalry of art? And give them pause
Facing the brightness of which I'm accused?

'And how should I have expected to see his face
Contorted into a wound? Here, flat, unloved,
They say I deserved the journey to this place
For challenging the world in which he moved!
O, the voices are stale! And the land burned, burning.'

(vii)

And for long he sat there among the beeches, he
Who trembled quietly with the trembling leaves;
And in a little while, like one who grieves
For a forgotten childhood by the sea,

Passed a brief hand across his brow and stood,
Suddenly lonely, suddenly without force,
And puzzled by that body at his feet; of course
To be effective there should have been blood.

So this was all that had been freed by death,
Telling no more than fallen beech leaves tell?
There came assurances that he'd done well,
Words, without vehicle of tongue or breath,

And underfoot he felt the cool sand grow
Gradually stable, and on that island shore
He remembered smaller islands long before,
Whose vaguest promises had pleased him so;

And suddenly, like a star in the day's sky,
He remembered an island which had met his need,
How he had stayed and watched the seas recede,
How thrilled he was to find the ocean dry;

How on that mainland which was all his own
He had built roads for his convenience
And called one road the Road of Innocence
And never had to walk that road alone.

(viii)

And so he turned and left that island, that tomb
For beech leaves, one bright vision, and a girl for whom
The grief of far off friends had one brief bloom,

Leaving there also what of him had been useless, dreams
Of a pointless possibility, which, accomplished, seems
To have proved superfluous to his vague aims:

Which (truth being unmentionable and fragile) never
Crystallised into a purpose, so that whatever
Source he sought fed always the same river,

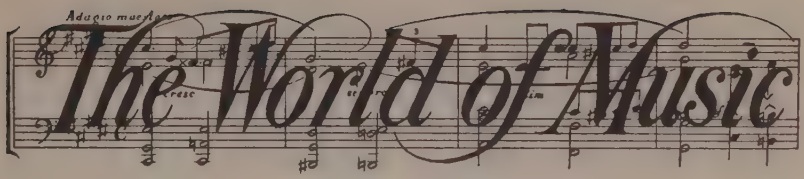
Thus it was that he found himself on a pathway
Where the air seemed natural and blessed, the day
Having about it the air of a holiday,

And there before him was a figure, she
Who had once gone onwards on a day that he
Had sought a slope towards the flesh-flecked sea.

So they went on along that bare path, they
Needing no argument about the way,
Prepared for blind endeavour and the odd blank day;

Along that path to where bare endings burn;
And it had taken a death for him to learn
What she knew always, who refused to turn.

2



Mr. Britten's Admirers

MR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S career has been bewildering in its industry and achievement; he is the first English composer since Purcell to have gained an international reputation, and he has behind him a body of over fifty works, very few of which are at all negligible. He has essayed nearly every form of the art. And now, in his fortieth year, he has been vouchsafed an honour usually reserved, by tradition, for the dead and dying, the publication of a detailed study of his works from 'a group of specialists'.* So substantial do these appear to be that there is no indication that the book has been conceived as an interim report, nor is there any speculation in it about the composer's future. But its loving, exhaustive (and in parts exhausting) character does suggest just how much understanding of contemporary music might be promoted by commentaries of this sort; for an element in Mr. Britten's success has been the facility, notwithstanding his great and subtle technical powers, with which his music can, at least superficially, be 'understood', possibly a result of his melodic inventiveness and the essentially graphic and dramatic nature of his music. Neither Schoenberg nor Bartok is as yet the subject of such a book in English. This is not to say that the appearance of the Britten studies is unwelcome —on the contrary; but the editors might have been less careful, in assembling their colleagues, to ensure the adulatory character of the book. 'Coincidence' is hardly the word to explain the similarity in view of these critics, many of whom have been for some time associated with Mr. Britten.

Apart from the formal analyses, which show not only the imaginative internal organisation of Britten's works and realisations, but also his versatility, the Earl of Harewood writes on the man, a brief and insufficient biographical study, and the two Editors discuss respectively *The Musical Atmosphere* and *The Musical Character*, the first of which deals ably with the musical influences on Britten, and the second establishes a dubious parallel between him and Mozart; fragments of criticism of the one are applied to the other, quite happily, and many superficial and some profounder traits are compared; Mr. Keller's intelligence is not aided in its ends by the employment of a good deal of psychological jargon (the 'resexualisation' of music, indeed!) nor by a preference for German-American terms which he seems to have inherited from Schoenberg; 'cadentiations' and 'intra-musicalisation' appear in a single paragraph, to which is later added as a final horror the concept of 'monothematification.' I am not being rude to Mr. Keller, whose unswerving championship of certain (often misunderstood) composers I highly admire, but I fancy that he is using methods which are barely proper to musical criticism in order to prove the fact of Mr. Britten's genius. That he and Mozart have certain characteristics in common, both musical and non-musical, can be taken for granted, and that these are not limited to obvious attributes, such as the facility they share and which has not been without its influence on their music. In clarity of texture, in the type of their melodic lines, in their instinctive 'feeling' for voices or instruments, they are alike, while Mr. Keller has some stimulating things to say about the tragic or comic nature of their operas. It will be enough to remember the opinions of Wagner and Richard Strauss upon Mozart (who envied

**Benjamin Britten:* A commentary on his works by a group of specialists. Edited by Donald Mitchell and Hans Keller. *Rockcliff*. 30s.

him, perhaps, his lucidity and purity) to understand why it should be that Mr. Britten's music, these comparisons made, should have commended itself to Germans and Austrians ever since the first Salzburg performance of the Frank Bridge Variations, with their fond parody of the Viennese Waltz. But nothing of this can assert the intrinsic musical value of Mr. Britten's work, and indeed there seems to be a confusion throughout the book as to whether this has a largely historical importance, that of discovery and synthesis, similar to that which Mr. T. S. Eliot has had in English verse (this view may well be supported, by implication by Mr. Donald Mitchell) or whether it is to be appraised on its own merits alone. I can call to mind rather fewer cases of innovators whose music was less excellent than their inventions (Schoenberg is absolutely erroneously classed with them) than excellent musical conservatives. Mr. Britten's advances have been stylistic rather than technical. He has used bitonality fairly often, enough for it to seem a mannerism; he has, at times, used his themes vertically, in the manner of Schoenberg; he has employed series of unrelated chords (though without any detectable traces of Debussy's influence) rather than establishing new ones. He is also fond of tonal ambiguities (witness the first act of *Billy Budd* varying between B minor and B flat major in a struggle which is not resolved, indeed, until the end of the whole opera); these and other habits and traits surely add up to a personal style, such as Mr. Britten himself has tended to disparage, a style which is flexible and eclectic, to which words are immensely suggestive, but nevertheless a manner which is as easily distinguished as any. He is characteristically placed between the intensely individual music of Mahler and Berg, with whom he was at one time destined to study, and the impersonality of Stravinsky. Not the least of his gifts is his ability to infuse his music with a quality of delight, and few people, as Miss Imogen Holst suggests in one of the best papers in the book, have been able to write children's music which is so spontaneous and so without patronisation. To what sort of genius these capacities and manners add up, I cannot say. The question will have to be answered when we have a clearer view of the last twenty years and can apply judgments of value to them unfogged by the thrill and admiration with which one hails a new 'star' or the jealousy which attends his success.

The Return of Boris

MOUSSORGSKI'S masterpiece returned to Covent Garden with Mr. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, who sang in Russian, in the part of Boris Godounov, previously taken by Christoff. As the Royal Opera House is still plunged in darkness during the acts (so that, according to Debussy, one can sleep in perfect safety), it is not possible to say, without a score, which of the two Rimsky-Korsakov versions was used. The scene in Pimen's cell rather absurdly preceded the Coronation scene to allow a rousing *finale* to the first act, and the usual liberties were taken with the third, 'Polish', act, the scene in Marina's boudoir and the character of Rangoni being omitted, and the few bars that the composer saw fit to include after the so-called 'love-music' being deleted. But as this part of it is faintly reminiscent of a Massenet, the changes did not seriously affect the impact of the opera. More regrettable was the omission of the parrot episode from the second act, where for the first time is felt the tragic impact of the Tsar's remorse. There can be no opera where the hero is more important to the plot than is Boris, and only few where he has less work to do. But, unlike the Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis who was Mr. Newman's fag both at Bayreuth and Glyndebourne, and thus without Wagnerian allegiances, I would suggest that the character of Boris inspired in Moussorgski the finest and most moving operatic music of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Rossi-Lemeni, who was obviously brought up on Chaliapine, did it full justice. The production itself was colourful and realistic.

2

The World of Books

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS

By his son J. C. Smuts. *Cassell.* 25s.

Reviewed by Roy Macnab

For anyone growing up in South Africa between the two world wars, General Smuts was as much a national landmark as Table Mountain. A schoolboy asked to name the outstanding features of his country would as readily include the one as the other, for in the national consciousness, as much as in the minds of people elsewhere, Smuts and South Africa were the same thing. To most of this generation (except those from ultra-nationalist homes) he was a living legend and a hero, and it is in this spirit of uncritical hero-worship that his son has undertaken this biography.

In the records of a great man there is always room for a study of this kind, the personal biography written by one of the family privileged to know the man as only his family can. Thus the best chapters in this book are those in which we see the 'Oubaas' for the charming and human person he was. We are given descriptions of his coming home without his trousers after being attacked by ticks on the veld, of him offering his bathing costume to a young lady with the exhortation, 'a woman has nothing to be ashamed of in exposing her bosom', of his motoring adventures and of his lasting affection for little children, of the games he played with them and their penalties against which 'even my mother was not proof. . . '. It is a pity Mr. Smuts has not given us more of this.

In pointing out that Mr. Smuts has given us a picture of his father without any warts at all, it is only fair to remark, also, the atmosphere in which he was writing. His father died in 1950, two years after his political defeat. Since then much of Smuts' life-work has been broken down. His holistic philosophy, which guided all his actions, has been discarded. At home, the white races, instead of continuing to fuse into the South African nation, have become increasingly divided. The union itself has been threatened. At the same time relations between black and white have deteriorated. Mr. Smuts rightly or wrongly blames his father's political opponents, and particularly his boyhood companion, Dr. Malan, for this. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that he has been unable to write dispassionately.

As Mr. Smuts shows, everywhere his father went outside South Africa he was greeted with admiration and respect by a world which was at a loss to understand why he should be vilified by a section of his own people. Smuts' peculiar difficulty was that he was at once a world statesman and the leader of a small though not insignificant people. It was as if a man on becoming a Prime Minister continued to do the duties of the local mayor as well, watching out for the drains as well as the divisions. In the end either the drains or the divisions would defeat him. Thus in 1948 the man acknowledged as one of the greatest of his generation, invested with the highest honours as statesman, soldier, scientist and philosopher, was ousted from his own constituency by an obscure politician.

There was so much that was colourful, exciting and enriching in Smuts' life that it is a pleasure to re-read here the many stories of his exploits. Smuts died at the age of eighty, while still in public life, and one is inclined to forget how early he came to prominence. The boy who did not go to school till he was twelve was an outstanding Cambridge graduate at twenty-four, an Attorney-General at twenty-eight, a General against the British Army at thirty, and a member of the British War Cabinet in his forties. Mr. Smuts gives us the other side to these achievements, shows us how his father always preserved his simple and ascetic way of life, his joy in nature, in mountains and wild life; how in fact he never ceased, in spite of the denials of his enemies, to be one of his own Afrikaner people imbued with all their best qualities.

MY EUROPE

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. *Putnam.* 16s.

Reviewed by Stephen W. Pollak

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, at the very beginning, confesses to a failing which makes this book's strength—nostalgia. He admits that his early years in Russia—both Tsarist and Soviet—have left an indelible mark on him: 'The experience has affected my subsequent career, my character, and my attitude to life.' It is not often that a writer of Lockhart's calibre so frankly provides us with the key to his recorded observations. Thus it is not only his knowledge of Russia and the Russians but his love of everything—or almost everything—Russian, and his absorption, through profound sympathy, of much that is typical in the Russian character, that give him a deep understanding of the contemporary Russian scene.

His book is an illuminating example of love and sympathy being better and surer guides to the understanding of contemporary events than fear, suspicion or a sense of superiority. And if the result is perhaps not, strictly speaking, history, it certainly provides the vivid colour to fill in the rigid black-and-white tracings of the historians. There can be few people in the West to-day who have known, sometimes intimately, the outstanding figures of the Russian Revolution—and fewer still who to-day would record, *sine ira et studio*: 'To-day two impressions, formed in 1918, stand out in my mind above all others: the pre-eminence of Lenin as a revolutionary leader and the failure of the outside world to realise the significance of the Bolshevik revolution.' But the courage of his convictions is one of the author's most endearing qualities. He was, in 1918–19, one of the few voices among Westerners crying in the wilderness of his Moscow isolation against Allied intervention, the futility of which he then foresaw. He tells of meetings with revolutionary leaders like Chicherin, Karachan, Peters, Trotsky, Radek and others, and is careful to note his only meeting with Stalin, then 'an unexciting figure' who 'looked like a man who was always master of his time.' On that occasion the future ruler of the Soviet Empire saw to it that the author and his companion got their cup of tea during a boring meeting of the Bolshevik Central Committee.

When writing on Czechoslovakia and his Czech friends, foremost among them Jan Masaryk, Sir Bruce is at his best and most moving. He is clearly of those who firmly believe that history is made by people, and not by more or less intangible economic and sociological forces. Whether one agrees with him or not, it is impossible not to be gripped by the warmth and sincerity with which he writes about his personal relations with men who made history and whom history broke on its wheel. The chapters on his visit to Prague in 1947, when he was a guest of Jan Masaryk and saw much of President Beneš, is a rare contribution to the story of those tragic months. And it is greatly to his credit that, although his whole background, his temperament and his friendship with many of its victims make him detest Communism, this sentiment never leads him into strident denunciation.

Maybe this is because Lockhart is a profoundly human—and humane—person whose emotions, so cautiously eschewed by the 'objective' historian, apply a muting pedal to his writing when he feels most deeply. Here again, in the Czech chapters, affection and nostalgia for what is irretrievably lost are the key-note, but it is a minor key which is admirably fitting, for Sir Bruce's Europe, i.e., its Eastern half where his heart really lies, is one which will never return: gone not only the gypsies and the nights of revelry, laughter and tears with companions whom time has swept away, gone also the idealism of the revolutionary upsurge which he witnessed.

Yet this book leaves no bitter taste, for its author, though nostalgic, is incapable of melancholy. Turning his back on what is gone for ever, he looks, in the second part, at what remains and finds it good. In Western Europe and Scandinavia, visited after World War II, he finds much to cheer him—not least friendship for Britain—seen from the windows of delightful British Embassies. On closing the book, one cannot help feeling that if there had been more diplomats like him, so anxious to know and so able to love the people among whom he lived, Sir Bruce might have had less cause for nostalgia.

THE BRITISH IMPACT ON INDIA

By Sir Percival Griffiths. *Macdonald.* 45s.

Reviewed by Kenneth Rose

The most significant fact to emerge from the history of British India is how permanent were the marks made upon Indian civilisation by little more than a century of British rule. Its impact, moreover, was in the realm of ideas rather than of material things. A sense of homogeneity engendered by the uniform code of law administered by the central government, an educational system which imported the spirit of nineteenth-century nationalism from Macaulay's England, a popular Press by which such ideas could be disseminated among the humblest class of ryot—these were the instruments which made possible so rapid a growth of Indian political nationalism.

Sir Percival points out how this process of nationalism remained incomplete in 1947: otherwise the partition of the continent would not have been necessary. For while the Hindu elements of India showed themselves flexible and absorbent of Western thought, the Moslems remained resistant and aloof. Nor does the author fail to qualify his estimation of the national unity which Indians now enjoy. He observes that what has been gained in centralised government is at the expense of a vital village democracy. Similarly, it may be doubted whether the present semblance of parliamentary government is as suitable for the Indian peoples as the old method of bureaucracy. But, as Sir Percival remarks, 'The contention is academic, for . . . in the twentieth century it would have been psychologically impossible for Britain to confer, or for India to receive, self-government in any other than the parliamentary form.'

Hardly less important has been the introduction of pure and applied science into India by British scholars and technicians. While the first added reason to the mysticism of the classical Indian philosophers, the second has gone far towards changing the very face of the Indian continent. Communications, public health, irrigation, agriculture and industry—all have been revolutionised and endowed by a series of enlightened Viceroys, of whom Lord Curzon was perhaps the greatest. Yet the sense of dependence on European institutions which such reforms fostered among Indians was also accompanied by spiritual degeneration. The ensuing inferiority felt by Indians even of the educated classes may indeed take longer to eradicate than might be supposed from Sir Percival's comments on the subject. But, as he rightly points out, the growth of nationalism has largely restored to the Indian a faith in his own abilities.

It is on this note that Sir Percival draws his final conclusion. The measure of independence granted in 1947 has released India, he writes, 'from all the inhibitions of subjection, purged Britain from the racial pride of domination, and established between the two countries a bond of friendship which may well prove stronger and more enduring than the political tie which it has replaced.' Few will dissent from this judgment which, like the work to which it forms a fitting end, is wise, sympathetic and visionary.

AMERICA DAY BY DAY

By Simone de Beauvoir. *Duckworth.* 21s.

Reviewed by Wesley Thurston

It is unusual to find a book in which an intellectual revels in the re-living of each moment's true experience, even when some of the experiences have been unpleasant, or have shown the writer to be limited. Rare, too, that a distinguished 'ultra-modernist' from Europe does not approach America—after long study of its products from afar—determined to use the sharp edge which brings brief notoriety as a wit. Mlle. de Beauvoir's infectious enthusiasm is equalled by her fervent curiosity, and her need to make a careful examination of her reactions. But for one who has been close to Jean-Paul Sartre for many years, she reveals a surprising capacity for illusion, even the illusions of herself.

Unfortunately, she has done what almost every writer does who visits Russia or the United States: she has tried to cover too much, to offer too much, considering that she was there only four months lecturing

on existentialism. And, as is so often true of visiting female Continental intellectuals, she yielded to the fancy that she is an expert in all fields. For instance, she adds up a few statistics and economic facts to produce the astonishing statement that 'huge capital is needed to launch any kind of business, and there are no more chances in America for the self-made man. Now, everything is fixed and rigid, and one can only fill the place assigned to one in the social hierarchy.' This will be news for many Americans who have only lately become socially prominent, and among the fantastic 'economic baronies' which have been built with little capital in the past few years in the West and South.

Those who have lived among the fatalists of all nationalities in Paris recently may find it strange that Mlle. de Beauvoir seems startled that young Americans are fatalistic about war and politics. Her ideas here seem a trifle naïve—also partially relayed from Myrdall—as what she calls 'the political tendency of *laissez-faire*' has been such a common ailment since the origins of elective, legislative government—and still is—that almost every politician, from Herriot to Harry Truman, finds himself occasionally scolding the world about it, and the Australians long ago decided to fine people for even seeming to be disinterested in public affairs.

She is better when she is chilling her readers with such quotations as that of perplexed Americans who go about saying 'We need a crisis.' There she is probing near the heart of the adolescent, wistful Yank hope that something big will happen with a bang and solve everything. She is at her best in description, in her greed for the essence of the great cities, and in accurate summaries of American attitudes—as in her idea that Americans prefer to believe in a 'geometrical world', and in deciding that the 'great American hoaxes are not based on lies, but rather on virtues ably exploited. It is quite true to say that Europe has need of America; but in the eyes of the average American imperialism takes on the guise of charity. American arrogance does not consist in the love of power: it is the love of imposing upon others that which is good; the miracle is that the keys to paradise should be in their hands.'

THE RECOVERY OF BELIEF

By C. E. M. Joad. *Faber*. 15s.

Reviewed by Illtud Evans

In his days as a member of the Brains Trust, Dr. Joad's insistence on the definition of terms—'it depends on what you mean'—became a comedy label for the querulousness of the highbrow. In fact, it is this constant concern for precision in debate that has served Dr. Joad so well in a long career as a teacher of philosophy (and Dr. Joad's gifts are more those of the expositor than of the creative thinker), and never so well as in his latest book. An examination of the intellectual credentials of Christian belief calls for head rather than heart, and Dr. Joad's training, as well as his own habit of mind, predisposes him to a clinical examination of the evidence.

'There can, for me, be no believing which the intellect cannot, so far as its writ runs, defend and justify.' The forthright statement of the function of reason in the establishment of the grounds of belief is a refreshing feature of Dr. Joad's *apologia* (for such it is, even though the personal element in his religious evolution is reserved for the final, and as it happens the least effective, chapter of his book). The dilemmas which a supernatural faith evokes are candidly faced, and none of the classic arguments is ignored. But he writes for his own generation, and nothing is more authoritative in Dr. Joad's case than his analysis of the claims of science to interpret a territory to which it has no claims. He sees that the defence of faith is at the same time a defence of reason, and that reason itself is most rational when it acknowledges the truths that necessarily lie beyond its range. Again, his own adult life has fitted him to be an accurate interpreter of that mood of perfectionism, whether motivated by Marxism, psycho-analysis, a faith in material progress or a mere secular optimism, which has so manifestly been betrayed. Here is no knock-about apologetic, scoring easy triumphs at the expense of disillusionment or shoddy thinking. Dr. Joad is always patient; he cannot be anything but cogent, and his freedom from illusions gives to his argument an intellectual candour that is very rare in English

writing on religious themes. Such immense problems as the existence of Evil and its reconciliation in the providence of God are not to be solved either by syllogisms, or—at the other extreme—by a subjective appeal to religious experience.

This appeal to reason, ranging in its application from the Immanence and Transcendence of God to the individual's need, is not, we are left to suppose, Dr. Joad's definitive testament. As with many others who have begun to believe, Dr. Joad has found not simply a private solution to the ultimate question of human life but, too—and his very writing declares it—an enrichment of his whole intellectual position. He has written nothing better, because never before have the demands of intellectual honesty been so closely allied to the demands of his whole personality. For Christian belief is not a series of propositions demanding the assent of the reason: it implies a life, in which the intellect has indeed a radical part to play—but a part only. Christianity is concerned with all of a man or it is concerned with none of him, and this Dr. Joad has seen and recorded with exact respect for the rights of reason—and with humility.

THREE GREAT IRISHMEN

SHAW, YEATS, JOYCE

By Arland Ussher. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by Ralph Abercrombie

In these three connected essays—so excellent in many ways—Mr. Ussher employs what he calls 'the ambivalent approach'. There is much to be said for it, especially in the kind of discursive criticism he manages so well, but it does leave one with a rather ambivalent feeling towards Mr. Ussher himself. He states at the outset his belief that Shaw, Yeats and Joyce 'supply—by their complementary adequacies and inadequacies—something like a complete truth by which a man can live.' Though vague, this is promising; but in what follows, what we get is a discussion of those adequacies and inadequacies, conducted on a level of considerable originality and intelligence—in which the inadequacies are disconcertingly predominant. That ambivalent approach, one sometimes feels, has been chosen less for its critical possibilities than to rationalise a conflict between Mr. Ussher's better judgment and the Irish in him, which insists that, for instance, Willie's reputation needs deflating. For the Irish have an odd, irresistible urge to belittle their great men, and we ought not, I suppose, to be too astonished when we hear that to them Yeats' Easter poems seemed 'aloof and patronising, like unasked-for "official" poems from a self-appointed laureate'. And perhaps only an Irishman could find in the tremendous *Sailing to Byzantium* 'a certain pleasing absurdity'.

Yeats certainly comes out of it worst. It is not easy to see how someone who was, we learn, 'spiritually barren' could be a great poet, or could contribute to any sort of truth. Yet it is clear that Mr. Ussher responds deeply to Yeats' poetry, just as it is clear that, although he can thoughtlessly and insensitively call Bloom a 'prosy philistine', he really understands Bloom very well—and therefore understands a large part of Joyce himself. With Joyce, indeed, he is more at ease; he has a special feeling for his genius, particularly in its comic aspect. (But the statement that he did not love words left me wordless.) One notices that Mr. Ussher is—or seems to be, for there may well be another conflict here—more concerned with ideas than with art and rhetoric, with the writer's material than with what he makes of it. The treatment of Shaw is the most consistently successful, and certainly the least provoking. Shaw's works, he ingeniously sums up, 'are not quite art or philosophy, but they are *conversation* . . .' This book, too, has the qualities of first-rate conversation: stimulating, amusing, often exasperating, but never dull or stupid. And even when Mr. Ussher is most outrageous, one feels that he really does know better.

NEWMAN'S WAY

By Sean O'Faolain. *Longmans Green & Co.* 25s.

Reviewed by Joseph Christie, S.J.

Modern psychology has made us impatient of biographies that fail to delve into the early history and family background of their subjects. It may be that Sean O'Faolain

merely set out to satisfy himself when he started to reconstruct the beginnings and belongings of John Newman, but what he has written revolutionises our estimate of the character of this fascinating man. Somewhere in the book it is remarked that, when men attain a certain degree of fame, no one ever suspects that they could have an intimate private life. That is true. The last thing associated with public figures is breakfast-table conversation or personal worries, about children, for example. It is important to know that Newman carried the worries of his family (and it was a strange family) on his shoulders for years. The difficulties which he overcame at Oxford show him to have been a man of iron. His relations with his mother point to a great tenderness of heart which he was always unable to reveal even to her. Financially the family was always in some difficulty, but John, the mainstay of his mother, took it all as his responsibility. Nothing concerning his own people was too insignificant for this lonely scholar, even the marriages of his sisters.

Although the Sainte-Beuve theory appears to have been its primary incentive, the book has a way of leaving other reflections in the mind. Theology in Newman's time was certainly the main preoccupation of the average Oxford Don. Is it a loss or gain that this no longer is so? Would anyone now set before himself the task of solidly going through the Fathers of the Church in search of truth? It is not the portentous nature of such a task that is unfamiliar so much as the assurance that truth is within the grasp if a man will but set himself to the labour of finding it. They were more confident about themselves in that generation.

The story as it is told here shows Newman turning more as each year passes into a solitary with little or no interest in contemporary secular affairs. Twenty years ago all of us would unhesitatingly have said that he was a wasted man. Now it is not so certain. Koestler's Yogi and Commissar dilemma has gone a long way towards the rehabilitation of the contemplative. Newman's influence is now seen to have been vast and to persist. It is loneliness and introspection that the author underlines, as well as the affection for others always characteristic of a man of the spirit. Nearly everything that appears about his eccentric brothers is amusing, but there is real pathos in the last journey of John to see Charles, only to find that he, militant and misunderstood to the last, is, in the firmest Victorian manner, 'not at home'. So he returns to Birmingham where I earnestly hope Sean O'Faolain will seek him out again because the story is not finished yet.

THE JOURNALS OF DENTON WELCH

Edited by Jocelyn Brooke. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Reviewed by Maurice Cranston

Since Denton Welch was always an autobiographical writer, the publication of his *Journals* adds detail only to a portrait which must have been already familiar to his readers. In some ways, indeed, the novels and stories are more starkly and fully 'factual', for the law of libel and his own considerate nature have prompted Mr. Jocelyn Brooke, the editor, to delete from the *Journals* many of Denton Welch's more irresponsible observations.

Denton Welch wrote these *Journals* hurriedly. Some of the entries were later worked up into stories. Others might have been if he had lived, or had had more strength while he was alive. The *Journals* begin in the summer of 1942, when he was twenty-seven, seven years after the motor accident which eventually killed him. There are very few entries for 1948, the year of his death.

I knew Denton Welch well during the last eleven years of his life, but I saw most of him in the five years before these *Journals* begin, and when his health was better. For a long time I had no suspicion of the extent of his injuries. On one occasion only —after a lot of champagne—he mentioned his accident, and told me that the lower part of his body was almost paralysed.

I find it hard to write of him as a 'cripple', although that would be the easiest way of excusing the malice with which he wrote of people who were fond of him. I think of some such word as 'broken', for

he was somehow, strangely and beautifully, an artifact, like a piece of Meissen.

He seemed so full of life. I can remember driving through the streets of Tonbridge with him late at night before the war, singing a rude song called 'Mr. Bangelstein'. In his *Journals* he writes bitterly and disapprovingly of soldiers singing in pubs and celebrating victories. The Puritan side of him, so apparent in his book, was usually closed to me, unless a zest for scandalous anecdote was part of it. Evidently, as he grew older and more ill, he became increasingly alienated from his fellow men. Certainly his paintings and drawings (not reproduced in the *Journals*) became intensely morbid.

Yet when I think of Denton Welch, I think of happiness. I remember his easy laughter, his high-pitched prattle, his naïve sense of humour. He was, as his devoted housekeeper Evie Sinclair said, 'drunk without wine'. I remember, too, his rooms —among the prettiest I have ever been in. Readers may get a hint of this from the photograph of Denton Welch which is the frontispiece of this book—it was taken by his old friend from Art School days, Gerald Leet, in 1939. There is little Denton with his candlesticks and angels, sitting at his marble-topped Louis Seize chess table, looking as he was, charming and frivolous and (he liked the word) 'precious'; he is certainly *not* playing chess.

BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

THEIR CORRESPONDENCE

Edited by Alan Dent. *Gollancz*. 21s.

Reviewed by Robert Greacen

If one wrote that G.B.S. was a high-powered machine, the meaning would almost certainly be misunderstood. 'All brains and brittle bones', the detractor would say, 'without true feeling, heartless and implacable'. By machine I should have meant that Shaw's processes of feeling, willing and thinking, partly by nature and partly by design, were conducted on scientific and logical lines. Whether one ought to accept the premises is another matter. Yet even he had his moments of aberration, of near-relaxation, when bits of grit clogged the works of that superbly-engineered Anglo-Irish brain.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell ('Stella') was a bit of grit, a speck of femininity that for a moment halted the production line. Which personality shall we believe in more truly —the Shaw who wrung out this cry in 1913 when Mrs. Campbell ran away from him at Sandwich—

> Stella, how could you, how could you? What micrometer could measure the shallowness that prevents you from knowing what you have done . . . You are more cruel than a child.

Or the Shaw who says calmly only a year later?—

> As for me—well, no matter about me. I am well and busy; and that is what I am good at and what I am for.

The machine, you see.

The affair, such as it was, existed as a conscious drama for both of them. How they adored clandestine love, with its difficult meetings, the scandalised Mrs. Shaw, urgent telephone messages, desertions and broken hearts and counter-accusations! Mrs. Campbell hit the ball back with feminine pseudo-fury:

> You vagabond—you blind man—you weaver of words, you black and purple winged hider of cherubs—you poor thing unable to understand a mere woman. My friend all the same.

Indeed, Shaw lost her without having found her, as she remarked. Whether he ever really wanted to find her, one cannot be sure. Apart from anything else, he was fifty-seven at the time of his infatuation, an age even in the Shavian canon somewhat past adolescence.

One is again reminded of how little inwardness Shaw possessed: no heart-searching at midnight, no *Angst*, no guilt. His secrets, if he ever had any, do not emerge from this correspondence. In putting his cards face upwards on the table lay Shaw's strength and weakness. These letters show, too, that he lacked malice, that spiky weapon of the real Dubliner —I am tempted to say the Catholic Dubliner.

The value of the letters lies primarily in that they enshrine the legend of the grand old man of English letters and Fabian Socialism.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By Theodore Huff. *Cassell.* 25s.

THE GREAT CHARLIE

By Robert Payne. *André Deutsch.* 16s.

Reviewed by Roger Manvell

Almost all books and articles on Charles Chaplin (and serious studies of him as an artist began over thirty years ago) discuss him as a clown of genius. But the mask of the clown, in spite of its frequent pathos which is always tipping the balance between laughter and tears, is a limited one, whereas Chaplin's conception of comedy and tragedy takes the little figure of Charlie far beyond the *rôle* of a comic mime descended from the *commedia dell'arte*. As soon as Chaplin gained direct control of his films, his work rapidly broadened until he was able to make Charlie into a tragi-comic character, undergoing experiences in which all the hopes, fears, love and hate of humanity are mingled. He transcended the comic tramp's costume, which had made him the world-familiar figure of fun immediately recognisable to the millions who loved him, and, using it like a foil, he let 'the little man' undergo experiences to which every member in the audience could allow his sentiments and his emotions respond. Chaplin became, by the time he was making *The Immigrant* (1917), *Shoulder Arms* (1918) and *The Kid* (1921), a dramatic film-maker and actor of the highest order. His attempt to put Charlie aside when he wrote and directed the moving film *A Woman of Paris* was made abortive only because his audience refused to let him abandon Charlie even for a moment, and found this attempt to do so far too subtle for their taste, just as, later on, they found *Monsieur Verdoux* far too bitter. Only with *Limelight* does Chaplin seem to have managed to make a great popular success without the visible presence of Charlie. As it is, the miracle was performed of making the farcical figure in the baggy pants the most subtle and moving and funny character that has ever been created for the films.

Both these new books on Chaplin, which have been previously published in America, contribute to the understanding of Chaplin's art. Mr. Huff's book brings together all the facts he can muster about Chaplin's life, gives useful and perceptive summaries of all his films, and includes the invaluable index of Chaplin's productions which he originally compiled for the British Film Institute. It is a quite unpretentious assessment; it accepts Chaplin as a great artist, but does not set out to prove any theories about him. It contains an interesting chapter on Chaplin as a composer, discusses at perhaps too great a length his tangled love affairs, and attempts to assess his individualistic political views, which, as Huff declares, are far from being Communist.

Mr. Payne's book, on the other hand, is an elaborate essay which sets out to prove that Charlie is the embodiment of Pan, Punch and Pierrot, and the great tradition of clowning represented by Deburau, Grimaldi and Dan Leno. I do not doubt the truth of Mr. Payne's well-presented argument, but, like many theories applied to an individual artist of Chaplin's genius, it makes use of its subject to elaborate a rather artificial literary theme. In so doing, he writes revealingly about both Charlie and Chaplin, and for the sake of this I am prepared to take Pan, Pierrot and Punch in tow.

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SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN

A biography by Marie Seton. *The Bodley Head.* 35s.

Reviewed by Patricia Hutchins

Little is known yet about the psychology of identification—that projection on the screen of the mind of one or several patterns during an important phase of development. Often images are transposed over one another, as in the stereoscopic trick film, and it is the subject's inherent personality which resolves their parallax into the conceptions which appear to leap out and occupy the space before him.

Eisenstein's comfortable-class childhood, broken by separating parents, a fascination with the circus, the emotional effect of the revolution on a student who had wanted to lose himself in a study of Japanese, his encounter with Freud's work, self-identification with Leonardo da Vinci and later that long struggle to carry out his idea of the cinema as a synthesis of the arts—all was viewed, as Marie Seton's comprehensive book conveys, through two dominant elements. Firstly, a sense of physical inferiority combined with that instinct for self-preservation which is an essential accompaniment to genius (for who has gained his creative world *and* destroyed himself!); secondly, that religious propensity which has overlain all major artistic achievement in Russia.

Other people could have gathered together from sources in England, the United States and Russia, the valuable material upon which this study is based. But Marie Seton, who crossed that painful 'no-woman's-land' which separated Eisenstein from other people, and for a time identified his emotional needs with her own, has been able to step back from these experiences and show both the weakness and strength of a remarkable man.

Where the personal relationship is uppermost, the writing is excellent; it is in dealing with the general historical background and trying, somewhat unnecessarily, to extol Eisenstein's admitted importance, that at times her prose becomes banal. The book helps us to understand those who are caught between two millstones—two very different conceptions of history.

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New Novels

MUSEUM PIECES By William Plomer. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.
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INVISIBLE MAN By Ralph Ellison. *Gollancz.* 15s.

Reviewed by Stevie Smith

MR. PLOMER'S book is a fascinating but melancholy spectacle of a good writer writing thin. He opens disarmingly. 'A reader', says his heroine, Jane, a qualified researcher into archives, who tells the story —'A reader looking for strong and new sensations may not think my story a story at all but just a superficial sketch of a totally unimportant and now entirely faded corner of society.' Jane goes to Mrs. Mountfaucon's house to help sort the valuable family papers. Mrs. Mountfaucon's son Toby is a dilettante witty young man whom one feels one has met before; he is the important person. His relations with his mother are splendidly drawn; he bullies and loves her. But then 'Daddy' was difficult, too; indeed Mrs. Mountfaucon has made a life work of dealing with difficult men. She is also a most industrious *enfant terrible* . . . 'Have I said something dreadful?' (a schoolboy indecency resulting from a mispronunciation of 'budgerigar') . . . 'A conservative estimate for the Rembrandt? I did not know politics came into it.' But these are perhaps not the happiest instances of a manner the author contrives to make both laughable and endearing. Mr. Basingfield, the family accountant, who goes off with their fortune; Lady Meliora with her smelly old dog Elsie in an apartment displaying in a Shoolbred *décor* the poker-work poem 'Just keep smiling, Let things rip, Only apples, Should have the pip'; Lydia Delap in the Berlin of the late 'twenties (brilliant description of the Femina Club and its male counterpart); a beautiful half-caste dancer for Toby's relaxation when duns threaten—these are some of the inspired details which compensate in part for what the book lacks as a whole. The little sentimental sub-theme—Jane loves Toby—is played with the right touch, but was Mr. Plomer wise to give the tale to a lady? Jane is very interesting but so often she seems rather like a man—Mrs. Mountfaucon 'hid her face in her hands. . . . I took out my handkerchief to dry her eyes.' Do ladies dry ladies' eyes (outside the Femina)? His sense of style is, of course, unfailing; it is the book's bright ornament.

MISS HAN SUYIN has written a very interesting story of her life in Hong Kong and China as a woman doctor when the Communist armies are fighting their way along. It is 1949. But the story is chiefly about her love for an English newspaper correspondent called Mark. This love seems strong and they are happy together and all the time there is the sense of work and the daily life in troubled times and the missionaries and so on which one does not always get in love stories. It is disappointing that in such a *lokal* of strangeness, violence and beauty the two main characters should seem so ordinary. If they knew they were ordinary it would be more interesting. 'It is a bit different,' said Mark. 'You want me physically more than anything else. It is the male in me you want. Before you become my mistress, technically speaking . . . ' etc. If Mark were then to go on: 'I can't help talking like this, it is because I am so ordinary', it would make it interesting. The preface is depressing too. ' "Will you write a book about me?" asked Mark. It was the hour after love.' And again, 'Our voices were disembodied and calm, voices which we only achieved in the hour after love.' The book is full of lively events and the minor characters are observed with shrewdness and warmth. But one comes back to the quality of the writing and unsureness of taste with a strong protest. This is the way the West writes when it is not

very talented and is feeling tired. If China is going to write like this too, what is the use of being Chinese?

The Invisible Man is a negro who lives first in the American South and then in Harlem. He is very unhappy and maladjusted, this sad black person who has become a compendium of American neuroses, at home with worry, guilt, noise, wisecracks, insecurity and incoherence—especially incoherence. Why, he might be white. It is very interesting to begin with because of the early introduction of the vengeance theme. After explaining at some length why he calls himself the Invisible Man (he means that people look not at him but at his framework—the Problem, the Drudge, the Scapegoat, etc.) he takes us to his apartment. This is a hide-out hole at the base of a great building. Nobody knows he is there; he pays no rent. But he is so ingenious he has managed to tap the electric current and it is now his intention to drain off as much of this as he can by covering the ceiling and walls, and later he hopes the floor, with electric light bulbs and keeping them burning night and day. He is fighting the New York equivalent of the Ministry of Fuel and Power ('Where on earth has all this extra current gone to?' It is a headache for them.) The style of this book is chaotic. Its tragic theme of racial city fury is supposed to be going to 'create a sensation'. There is a business men's gala evening when a naked girl is thrown about like a football, blindfold boxing follows with kicking in the groin and blood spurting from battered heads. The 'sensation' confidently predicted by the publishers is likely to be one of physical exhaustion occurring early, which is a pity, as the book has something to say which sounds worth saying when one can catch a word in the uproar.

Jones Disposes

Mr. Michael Voronetz has asked me to say that his story *Jones Disposes*, as it appeared in the December 1952 issue, is not the complete story. For reasons of space a number of cuts were made by me on the original MS. and I regret any inconvenience this may have caused Mr. Voronetz.—Ed.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

By James Brodrick, S.J. *Burns Oates.* 30s.

Reviewed by Frederick Lawton

On December 3, 1552, Francis Xavier, a Basque, aged 46, died on the island of Sancian, off the coast of South China. The next day a Portuguese, two slaves and a Chinaman buried him in a wooden coffin packed with lime. His body did not decompose, nor did it show any signs of darkening or desiccation until 1708.

Father Brodrick writes of this and other marvels. But in so doing, he seems to have kept in mind the searing words of that sometime Jesuit, George Tyrrell, who castigated the traditional form of hagiography in the following words: 'Another marvel for me was and still is, that disreputable book read in all our colleges and houses of study and called *The Menology of the Society of Jesus*—a series of most vapid and fulsome eulogiums of deceased members, judged worthy to be held up as models for imitation. . . . Sanctity, according to this precious volume, is to be measured by the height and frequency of one's physical elevations during prayer; by the brilliancy of the rays of light surrounding one's head; by the effulgence of one's countenance; by the weakness of one's lachrymal glands; by oddities, eccentricities, exaggerations of all sorts.'

This book has none of that kind of nonsense in it. Even the well-known 'miracle' of the crab which came out of the sea holding upright in its claws the crucifix which St. Francis had lost overboard during a storm at sea twenty-four hours before is discarded, notwithstanding that it figured prominently in the Bull issued by Pope Urban VIII to commemorate the Saint's canonisation in 1622. Father Brodrick will have nothing to do with the 'Golden Bough' type of explanation which another Jesuit scholar has put forward, namely that the story was a pious borrowing from Japanese mythology. He favours the view that the 'miracle' of the crab and the crucifix was an invention of a seedy ex-gunner and refugee, Fausto Rodriguez, a Portuguese living on Spanish charity in the Philippines. This treatment of the 'miracle' is typical of the whole book, which is scholarly, exact and entertaining.

But if Father Brodrick meets fairly and squarely the biographical difficulties, the same cannot be said of the theological difficulties. He dodges them, maybe because he was writing biography and not theology. Nevertheless the thoughtful Christian cannot but wonder what was the worth of many of St. Francis' conversions; and in so doing he can still agree with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1924, p. 338) that: 'Le pèlerinage de François Xavier demeure un des plus héroiques efforts de la nature humaine. Son rêve a agrandi le monde. Il y a mis une fièvre immortelle.'

St. Francis' own words raise the theological issue in its starkest form: 'I must tell you how in a kingdom out here (he was writing about his mission to Cape Comorin) which I traversed God moved many persons to become Christians. It was so that in a single month I baptized more than ten thousand men, women and children. My method, on arriving in a heathen village, was to assemble the men and boys apart, and to begin by teaching them to make the Sign of the Cross three times as a confession of faith in Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three persons in one only God. I then recited in a loud voice the General Confession, the Creed, the Commandments, the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria and the Salve Regina. Two years ago, I copied out those prayers and formulæ in the Tamil language which is spoken here, and know them by heart . . .' What understanding of the Christian faith could there have been when instruction was given in this manner? What was the value of the baptisms which followed? The same problem crops up in an even more acute form with regard to St. Francis' mission to Japan where he was dependent almost entirely upon one rather ignorant interpreter who thought that the Christian conception of 'God' could be rendered into Japanese by the word *Dainchi*. It certainly could not because *Dainchi* was the name of *a* god who had a temple near Osaka and a bronze statue therein fifty feet high.

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